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HEALTHFUL MUSINGS
—
DINGLE.

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*Mrs Dingle
from her Uncle Edwin*

HEALTHFUL MUSINGS

FOR

EVENING HOURS.

BY E. DINGLE.

LONDON:
PARTRIDGE AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
YAPP, OLD CAVENDISH STREET.

1857.

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PREFACE.

THESE scraps have been to their author musings of song in hours requiring relaxation, after many trying ones of pastoral labour; their pretensions are consequently small in a literary point of view.

The effect of general education is, infallibly, to produce a thirst for reading; nor is it possible to confine young Christians to thoughts ever grave as the sermon. Books will be had, and abundance of the most pernicious kind exist, ready at hand.

Should these slight pages be found a little useful, to supply the need, with healthful recreation for the soul as well as the mind, they will not be wasted; and the author trusts they are of a character to have God's blessing in the Spirit, for Christ's sake.

E. DINGLE.



Dedicated

TO

THOSE WHO LOVE THE PRAISE OF GOD.

PSALM CXXXIV. A SONG OF DEGREE.

1. Behold! bless ye the Lord.
2. All ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord,
3. Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.
4. The Lord that made heaven and earth, bless thee out of Zion.

This little psalm, dear friends, teaches us all that God, when he pours forth the cornucopia of heaven in Christ, demands to be rejoiced in the result. Sweet privilege indeed! But if God demands to be blessed by such feeble ones as we, he cannot refuse it in the light of severe criticism, though always just, for where, alas, would he find great worth below? Is it not, therefore, clear, that in pouring forth love, he is blessed in it, however feeble, although pleased also by holy desire for improvement, and by the Spirit willing to aid in it.

The following pages have been composed in weary hours for refreshing, and are only printed in hope they may tend to bless even the Lord, by one way he much values—our labours in feeding the lambs. And as he is sure to bless the author the more in return, will his people be less lenient and loving, as

far as truth will allow? The time is yet to come when it shall be fulfilled—

“Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.”—*Song of Solomon.*

The following story, related me by Miss T—, will show how freely increase of blessing is obtained by blessing the Lord:—

This Christian lady called on a poor woman (one of the Westleyans) for her subscription to the missionaries. On that occasion the poor woman said, “Ah, Miss T—, I must give an extra shilling, for my neighbour’s son has had his leg broken, and it might as easily have happened to mine also.” Here was thoughtful gratitude most uncommon. The next time, she said, “Ah, I must give the shilling extra again; I have made ten shillings of my little dog, and I did not expect to get anything.” Again, a third time, in the succession of usual calls for that purpose—“Well, I must go on with the extra shilling, for my neighbours’ families have had the measles, with great expense; but ‘praise the Lord’ for me, mine had it only slightly, and we needed nothing but care and nursing.” And for ever, while my narrator associated with that body in that place, the woman gave the extra subscription.

“He giveth more grace.”

“Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.”

E. DINGLE.

P R O E M.

MORNING awakes! the bright-wing'd friend of song,
Wrapping with health the light elastic form ;
Dressing all life in rosy robes of love ;
Like it is praise,—born with the new-born soul ;
Pure lines of thought impregnating the heart,—
Key'd to the perfect music of the Cross,
(Where joy and melancholy sing in parts,
A concord of inimitable chords.)
Rich in the conscious luxury of grace,
Which dwells in all divine infinities ;
Having its place of song before the throne,
And yet has tasted sorrow's deepest cup.
Jehovah breathes it as the claim of love,
Acceptable through Jesus—Priest of God.
As this strong wind sweeps o'er the harp of heaven,
Rising elastic through the warmth of zeal,
Creative stillness seems to charm the spheres :
While those rich heart vibrations flow from earth,
(Passing a symphony from all the stars),
By the loud warbling of his nightingales

(The everlasting voice of Jesus' church)
 Who fathom'd tears and found them springs of smiles,
 Inspiring in their purity as dew,
 Or light illumined thoughts of morning hope,
 In promise of a day for duteous cheer.

There is a latent power in southern seas,
 Making those waters flash with wavy light,
 As the galleon ploughs her path of fire,*
 By which a book on nature may be read,
 Proving its wastes have glory hidden there ;
 Streaming with evidence that God is great.
 Just so each phrase and line of holy truth,
 Moved by the Spirit, 'luminates the soul ;
 Striking astonishment on waiting eyes
 Of every thoughtful watcher on life's deck.
 That depth unseen, futurity, laughs out
 To half-awakened mind its certain creed,
 Mocking the madman incredulity ;
 Or even faith, when staggered at the end,—
 Wrote by a pen of sunshine in decrees,
 (God's memorandums precedent of fact),
 On which the pauper heart draws bills of hope ;
 Endorsed by the cashier of time, Free Grace.

Themes such as these are hid from vulgar eyes,—
 Vulgar, because too worldly, truth to love,
 Altho' their constant dreams on nature's lap
 May by the wings of genius have attained
 Some powerful flights within the lofty dome,
 Which throws its panoply of light around :—

* The Author has read from an inverted book over the ship's wake by the phosphoric lights of the Mediterranean sea.

The great interpretation still is lost ;
 The awful, mighty key to all—"the Cross,"
 That answers to the reachings of the soul.
 Where is the wisdom in a world of woe ?
 Is left to cry its echo to the winds.
 Heard of by multitudes,—felt by the few,
 Who know a meditative moment used
 On the eternal verities of God,
 Is better than a life of action lost.

True, it is sweet to hear the swelling choir
 On nature's harp melodiously alive
 To the rich praise of God's creative hand ;
 Nor can we feel, with our home-loving ears,
 However nicely tuned to sense, the depths
 He sees of grace in life's first theatre.
 He called it "good ;"—we libel not the fact.
 Now, all is newly-strung in Jesus Christ,
 Whose finished work the Father owns throughout ;
 And will in season manifest in power,
 If but one rosebud could present the tint.
 Eternity's bright sail shall float sublime,
 When new creation's rounded bosom swells,
 The globe of all eternal globes supreme ;
 Flowing with milk and wine of "finished love,"
 After the glory of the Lord has beamed,
 A daylight hour upon this early work,
 To prove he owns the blood, redeem'd all lost ;
 And Jesus is his King of Kings throughout,
 In capabilities for ev'ry seat,
 Where honours God hath offered, may be won.
 Proud man of learning, dar'st thou so degrade
 Thy boasted passion, as to cling to dust,
 And study nothing but material things ?

Antiquity's true flag to thee becalm'd ;
 Drooping, as conscious of a soul of sense,
 Before a creature plucking truth's white wing,
 To scatter all its feathers to the air.
 Take up the next fair child may cross thy path,
 (If gloom upon thine eyelid do not fright),
 And in the mirth of ignorance it shows ;—
 Ask which is best, that or intelligence,
 If all the latter finishes in dust,
 Bringing no consolation to life's wreck ?
 Go out with Balaam—seek enchantments rare,
 (Divinings of mesmeric wickedness,
 Entitled as the base electrical),
 Then, by conviction's force, own God is true,
 And honours thee by meeting with a fear.
 Say, if a coal, by polish, light reflects,
 Is it not raised above its native dross ?
 Yet, 'tis no diamond, though of carbon form'd,
 And still is only fitted for the fire.
 Balaam or Saul touch'd by Almighty power,
 Were th' more wonderful, as it were more strange,
 Harps unreproved should sing God's truth and grace
 Rich pictures floated out, the stars of time,
 From the repulsive slaves of passion's fold.
 Mere intellectual power may take a gloss,
 From education in the Word of God,
 And daring flights about the stars and seas,
 Yet with the heart untouch'd is poorest stuff.

Look at the snow flake, 'tis both white and pure,
 Though swimming a mere particle in space.
 A drop of dew both sparkles and is sweet ;
 So every word and passing thought should seek,
 To be a master-piece of purity,

Though conscious very atom like in power ;
 Sparkling all round, reflecting Jesu's beams,
 And pure within as in his love exhaled
 To heaven for training, as great Paul once was,
 Ere he returned to water earth's dry sands,
 Getting his taste for usefulness from thence.
 A thousand stars pledged in a fellowship
 By the affinities attraction gives,
 From God's election to unite their light
 In loving brotherhood, can seek no more
 While holding space in God's infinity,
 Than to be pure as he gives power and time,
 And still be nothing as compared to him.

Yet, if the swift inanimate raise songs
 Of constant melody before the Lord ;
 If the archangels drink the same sweet stream,
 Finding to praise is highest happiness ;
 Scorning to bury either harp or voice ;
 How should the fallen toss about at night,
 Conscious such perturbations have a cause,
 And seek to find the hidden planet out,
 Which only can give peace to all the sphere ;
 Proving the breach of harmony a theme,
 Which needed only proper search for rest,
 In proof eternal, " All is love in God."
 How should the conscious creature man,
 Feel worse than useless in a royal scene ;
 Until the harp of mercy is secured,
 And scorn to drop the voice, the pen, the hand,
 Until the glorious folds of time he prints,
 With joy at his experience in his God,
 A feeble paper, but a royal note ;
 Knowing the Lord will bless, though man despise.

Then, O my soul! if but some lowly line
In thought expand upon another's breast,
Intruding for the conscience to accept,
(As bearing something better than a dream)
Caught from the glory of the new-born heav'ns,
May it be of the Lord ; pure, if not nerved
With all the energetic strength we wish ;
To dwell upon life's waves through remnant times.
The ripple will be there, and there its gleam,
Kind, if not rich, of the cerulean blue
Of heaven's field, if not a brilliant star,
Where great astronomers but find a speck ;
Nor claim it, as they never claim the thought,
They made the galaxa the glass discerns :
Let all the glory be the Spirit's own,
Who shows the beauty of the King of kings ;
A sweet conception 'mong the realms of mind
Whose contributions circle this poor world
With the intelligence of holy love.

This, as the buzzing of the bees of night,
Shall be no labour, but must well refresh
For service, when the passing hour hath worn ;
And be a song to cheer the list'ner by,
The weakness all the author's—balm the Lord's.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

"He is brought as a Lamb to the slaughter."—Isaiah liii.

O LOVELY rose of Sharon's vale,
 For which my inmost soul doth sigh ;
 Much was I moved to see thee pale,—
 Cast forth despised to fade and die.

O world immersed in sin, what taste
 Hads't thou to crush a flower so sweet ;
 Thine heart was awfully debased,
 To dash it underneath thy feet.

The leaves so wither'd, and the stem
 Looked blighted to the mortal eye ;
 But oh ! it rose to bloom again,
 By breezes from its native sky.

The blast was cold around its branch,
 Yet beautifully here it flowered ;
 Until fierce wrath from heav'n was launched
 Upon it, though it grace restored.

Yes, grace restored ; for all was reft
 By sin's hot breath, and earth did roll
 A field of thorns with nothing left,
 As a sweet garden of the soul ;

Until he came who blushed at sin,
 Shedding a sweet aroma round ;
 So beautifully witnessing
 A heart before the Father sound.

The sweetness, exquisite of love ;
 Beauty, the crown of righteousness :
 Glory, divine from God above :
 The power, able all to bless.

Well may we cover tombs with flowers,
 Since Jesus lay beneath its shade ;
 Waiting for the transcendent hour,
 To break its power, and hell degrade.

May that sweet bosom pollen fall,
 Upon this breast of barrenness ;
 Then I shall bloom on Zion's wall,
 A fount of truth, pure love, and bliss.

Blow heav'nly Spirit in sweet song,
 The bloom around o'er each wild thorn ;
 Then shall the parent root, ere long,
 Again this lower world adorn.

Ever its white and simple leaves,
 The holy crest of honour's call ;
 Standing in bold and bright relief,
 The diamond star of glory's hall.

THE ROCK AND THE BRIDGE.

THAT stupendous work, the Tubular Bridge at Saltash, across the Tamar, has its principal pillar founded on a single rock, the only one between the shores, and but for that having been provided by the Almighty, the bridge could never have existed.

God lays foundations—Babylon had none ;
 For how can rolling heaps be said to live,
 True she was once,—but not the brightest sun
 Or mightiest orb of heav'n, hath one to give,
 If resting not on truth. I would not with
 A mass of diamonds build a gothic fane,
 Where principles will not abide God's sieve ;
 Eternity may seem a trifling game,
 But all its hopes are vain to those who are profane.

Men meditate or dream their lives away,
 And in ethereal heav'n spin silken skeins ;
 Delusive fancies how to hold to-day,
 Enjoying this world, and the next not stain :
 Such take good care of this ;—but shrinking pains
 Come over them at intervals of calm ;
 (For our Examplar could not have such gain),
 Men in delusion then seek out a balm ;
 As if, against a hell, we thus could build a dam.

Yet, on the other side, death's deepest stream,
 They see the land delectable in view ;
 But turn askance from truth for any dream,
 Yet on the gulphing waters swiftly strew
 Those nothings to dissolve fate sternly slew.

God holds all vain pretence in full contempt,
 Nor will such tenure ere again renew ;
 No action, thought, or hope, is made exempt [sent.
 From judgment, human footmarks on this stage pre-

Yet men are wise in generations born,
 According to the fashion of this world ;
 They trouble much in time to be forlorn,
 Not after this in ruin to be hurled.
 This scientific madman's lip is curled
 In dark contempt at any lesser bane
 Than fact assured ;—his banner there unfurls.
 No nonsense in his plans may interlace :
 He holds imagination folly out of place.

Look at yon banks of Tamar's wide spread wave,
 How wise, how careful, subtle, cool, yet stern :
 Man is to pass,—yet every life would save :
 He also would a name for ever earn.
 May we not profitable truth thus learn.
 Down at all risks, all costs, he stoops to find
 The base prepared by God,—midst sea-weed, worms,
 Or any bitter filth,—no fear can blind,
 He knows all failure comes from a bewilder'd mind.

He never hoped success would pass the tide,
 Until one isolated rock he found ;
 He dives entombed as death, to save his pride,
 Freely avowing other hope unsound ;
 And God, before man was, had laid the ground ;
 The wondrous fabric by its own great weight,
 Had sunk and formed an underwater mound !
 However airy in its perilled height,
 However dizzy to frail mortal quivering sight.

Iron *en-mass* he binds together firm,
 Solids of granite form the noble piers ;
 Some martyrs die to gain their passion stern,
 Losing their lives another's ends to rear,
 While those successful fill the air with cheers.
 The rushing train is as a bird to skim
 The iron cobweb, so that woman's fears
 Shall smiles of comfort in no measure dim ;
 But has the engineer found a resource 'gainst sin.

Now man, thou art a fool to trouble so,
 To pass in masses one short mile of space ;
 Approving wisdom how the thing to do,
 Yet perish at the last in deep disgrace.
 Canst thou one lesson practical efface ;
 Canst thou but be condemned in thine own ways,
 Or tremble not at proving judgment's case ?
 Ere passed away the witness of thy days ;
 Are truths and principles as evanescent rays ?

How like the wondrous bridge which leads to heav'n,
 Sky winged, and yet foundationed here on earth.
 Faith, the light cobweb,—iron'd without leaven
 Of any clay from thoughts of human birth.
 "Immanuel" the lonely rock of worth ;
 Laid for the pillar'd rest ere man was made,
 Accomplishing the end 'mid death's deep surf ;
 All other ways would God and man degrade :
 Immortal life on other bridge must further from us fade.

Learn then the Saltash lesson, ere too late ;
 Ideal fancies pave no road above ;
 God dwelleth there in all his glorious state,
 And will approve his righteousness and love.

If thou art there it must be as the dove
 Which never rested foot, till wrath intact
 Deserved for sin, fell where he could approve.
 He must maintain his holiness a fact,
 Or doubt for ever would our fears have sadly racked.

A god who is not righteous, is no god ;
 A god of fancy is not worth a thought ;
 A god of human making but a clod,
 Whether in theory or stone 'tis wrought.
 We worship One—the true—the One we ought,
 All vain philosophy he seeks to cure ;
 All dreams ideal to betray as nought ;
 God is, and ever will through love be pure ;
 God lays foundations—in Christ, immortal life is sure.

ANTICIPATION OF GLORY.

“ But on man
 He lavished immortality and heaven.”—KIRKE WHITE.

O rapturous joy when all shall meet
 In glory round God's royal throne ;
 Below we sing some thoughts most sweet,
 But melody is there at home.

How blest to be beyond the world,
 In feeling, action, life, and thought ;
 To see the standard there unfurled,
 In triumph under which we fought.

Converse to hold with God the Son,
 In whom our spirits here believed ;
 To wear the crown his grace hath won,
 While he delights in his reprieved.

How bright will seem the angel band,
 A vision so unveiled to sight ;
 Effulgent glory in that land,
 We hold secured in Jesus' right.

To see it all as true, and real,
 We once so gladly held in hope ;
 Raised in his likeness, clasp the seal
 Of ev'ry promise he had wrote.

To realize fear, sorrow, pain,
 Are really gone, and now give place
 To perfect bliss, and that no stain
 Shall on our glory leave a trace.

A joy so brilliant, full, and pure,
 Is worth a struggle, if a doubt ;
 But, ah ! God's promises are sure,
 His grace will raise the victor's shout.

Fight on, dear warriors, leave the world
 To revel in their carnal lore ;
 Theirs is the phantom to be hurled,
 To hopeless ruin evermore.

Theirs is a wisdom dark and vain,
 Ours emanates alone from God ;
 Time cannot know in him a stain,
 Nor Christ forget the earth he trod.

THE ASPEN.

How mystically all those silv'ry leaves,
 Float on their tendrils in the atmosphere :
 So balmy, pure, still, summer-like, and clear
 The eve, creation scarcely seems to breathe ;
 Yet thy soft rustle Aspen seems to say,
 The heav'ns are not yet hushed to peace in life,
 But may contain the germs of whirlwinds rife,
 As felt erewhile, though calm holds rule to day.
 Thy quick affinities to sorrow feel
 Life's certainties ; a meek prophetic fear,
 Rest never will be perfect while we're here :
 Emblem of souls heav'n quickened, who would steal
 Its peace : yet tremulous of earth's deep throes,
 Though mercy has supplied one hour's sweet repose.

THE HYMN OF HYMNS.

Mark xiv. 26.

Hark ! whence that sound, the soul of song ;
 That stream of perfect holiness ;
 So tremulously sweet, yet strong,
 To fill the Father's heart with bliss.

Harp of the mighty mind of God,
 Sounding through lips of human form ;
 Of richest beauty every word,
 Like heaven's own music midst a storm.

'Tis his, the Son of God Most High;
 It fills that room with holy praise ;
 The Father's wrath may deeply try,
 Yet love and reverence fold his days.

Dear unmatch'd, patient, bleeding Lamb !
 No weight of inward crushing woe,
 Could make the all-obedient man,
 His Father's glory to forego.

Those lips now part with streams of light,
 Sublimely sweet—a harmony !
 With richest tones of music's might,
 A lyric of divinity.

Such melody earth never heard,
 So sweetly rising on the wind ;
 Refined as gold in ev'ry word,
 Sublime as his eternal mind.

Intelligence enshrines his face,
 The dove-like heart to death resigned ;
 Love's rich infinities we trace,
 Stamped on the flesh of human kind.

Ah, soon that voice must cry in pain ;
 Those speaking lips assume death's hue ;
 That noble brow sharp thorns will stain,
 Ere Jesus shall his song renew.

Could man have known those depths of thought,
 And love which then could prompt a hymn ;
 They surely ne'er his blood had sought,
 But wept a passion o'er their sin.

Yet even then that heart of woe,
 Could sing among his chosen choir;
 To teach them how such strains should flow,
 As they too met temptation's fire.

Thus the sweet echo lingers on,
 Through time's mysterious bowers of hope;
 And all who life in him have won,
 Shall gladden in its fullest note.

CONVERSION.

As when the wane of winter hoar,
 Is seen to sparkle with its shiv'ring blight;
 And April's sunshine richly o'er it pours,
 Gleaming in double light.

So come the Holy Spirit's beams,
 When sin and darkness struggle to retain
 Their last hold 'gainst the soul awakening theme,
 Of Jesus' dying pain.

Still ev'ry glittering stone is not
 A gem of value in the merchant's eye;
 A heart may tremble yet conceal its blot.
 Defending with a lie.

Alas, how often wanes it so,
 When terror and excitement in the flesh,
 'Waken false hope that life in Christ will grow,
 Entangled in a mesh.

'Tis thus the forger fashions well
 His imitative coin the world to cheat ;
 So Satan gladly lets the passions swell,
 Hypocrisy to reap.

When lightnings flash, wild whirlwinds rend,
 And thunders roar, all earthborn flesh must feel,
 But rocks though answering only echo's blend,
 So sin hears God's appeal.

No holy feeling or pure light
 Remain when past the shakings of the fear ;
 No sweet respond to Jesu's love and right,
 No deep repentant tear.

Oft the deep horror never came at all,
 As common sounds will pass away unheard,
 So bellowings of hell, to meet man's fall,
 Oft seem a passing word.

But truth's sweet work is ever pure,
 And budding beauties on it never mean ;
 The wrestlings of God's Spirit all are sure,
 As ocean's tidal stream.

'Tis true, a murky northern blast
 May rise from remnant darkness of sin's womb ;
 Yet fears in holiness cannot be class't
 With terrors of the tomb.

The sun will rise each day by day,
 Nor fail to gain its true meridian line ;
 So love electing only gives delay,
 To pass each Zodiac sign.

And soon the living radiance white,
 With fire intense enriching heaven's blue,
 Falls vertical, enshrining all in light
 And glory ever new.

Nor is the heat too potent felt
 By aught that's lowly in its impotence;
 In truth it burns to raise the drops which melt,
 In showers all shall bless.

And as it gains all fervency,
 The soul transfused becomes a kindred spark;
 Unfolding there, to blaze eternally,
 A true converted heart.

NAVAL REMINISCENCES.—No. I.

THE VENETIAN SOLDIER.

“Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity.”

How constantly the above truth of the wise king is intruding on our view, all feel throughout life; the fact is so trite, there appears but little wisdom to repeat it; but so it was in the days of Solomon, and is it not one of those so important, requiring constant reminding in words, because God, speaking through facts, is so little heeded. It is the first great truth we have spiritually to learn respecting ourselves, for it simply develops the great principle of man's fall, as applied to self and all providential arrangements of God, in harmony with judgment for sin; and therefore reveals the absolute need of a Divine

Saviour, not only for our souls as individuals, but as heirs of the first Adam to all creation mercies. In fact, that all creation must have groaned in bondage for ever, had not an atonement of blood been applied to all the possessions of the servant guilty of high treason against Divine Majesty, as well as to redeem himself and children, to whom those possessions were given, and by whose sin they were forfeited.

This proverb, however common, is sometimes more strikingly illustrated to our observation, in the course of experience, than we expect, and then the fact becomes peculiarly useful. Thus Napoleon Bonaparte, on the rock of St. Helena, awakens our attention to divine providential judgments more than the failure of a mercantile firm, once of great resources. God labours, in allowing the depths of such iniquity of ambitious attainment, followed by its moral results on human passions, to bring out the failure of our state in clearer light, and the profound grandeur of this truth. Few persons but can remember some circumstances which impressed it more than others.

The author of this paper remembers one which strikingly developed it, and which he will not easily forget, though it occurred very early in life, and when his mind, untouched savingly by truth, was but little aware of its profit.

In the year 1830, he belonged to a ship in the British navy, anchored at Corfu, in the beautiful Adriatic, and was sent in a small boat to the watering place allotted to vessels in quarantine. Its position was secluded, and further off from the anchorage, as well as the town, than other landing places allowed to vessels enjoying pratique, that is, having a clean bill of health and free intercourse with the inhabitants.

On board our boat was the usual complement of hands, as well as the guardian of health, to watch against any breach of the quarantine laws. We pulled to the spot where the pure liquid, so valued by all, but especially sailors, when fresh and sweet, was to be found. It was a spring on the very verge of the sea, under a sweet green sunny bank, which looked over those placid waters to the wild, mountainous, and very rocky coast around Prevesa and Perga, the Greek strongholds of Suliote energies in many a deadly struggle with the Moslem. No pen can do justice to those earthly beauties, which leave an impress on the memory fading only with life.

Venturing as far, with a friend, who accompanied the boat on leave, as possible, without breach of sanitary law, we walked up the bank, and there found a very old man. He was seated, quietly sunning himself, while in the pastoral and patriarchal employment of watching a few lambs and goats, his whole property and resource for support.

Though bent with age, he was still very tall; and while seeming very feeble for such an employment, exhibited the wreck of a remarkably fine man. The very marks of age proved what he must once have been when in the pride of life.

Through the assistance of our Greek guardian, we engaged in conversation with him. His name I have forgot, and lost the midshipman's watch-book in which I took the memorandums, but his age was too remarkable to need one. It was 114 years, and it happened to be exactly 100 years more than my own. What a phenomenon for a young and wild, but rather thinking, youngster. No one ever gazed on a marble monument of ages with more veneration, than I did on that witness to a century of swift flowing waters of life before I was born.

—a living historical recorder more curious than any time-worn folio of many pages. But the few facts in his personal history we had time to gain, brought out more strikingly than ever the force of our text. He was a Venetian by birth, though then living under the protecting flag of Great Britain—like many other wanderers, a scattered seed of his country's ruin.

He had served his country as a soldier. His wife was long dead. This bosom partner of many sorrows, woman's best nobility here, had borne him two sons. The last had died two years before we saw him. One reached the age of 70, the other 72. Poor old man, he seemed quietly but deeply to feel it. Naked indeed would he return to the grave; he had outlived his whole household, and in addition, as anyone acquainted with his country's history must be aware, from the dates, he had seen her sun expire as a bright but illusive meteor in the waters of night. Venice was no more. He had seen her in her glory, watched its fading, flickering light, fought to sustain and revive the dying lamp in the oil of native patriotism, and at last seen her, by the mighty heel of the conqueror we have mentioned, merged in a common but deeper ruin with other nations, the victims of his sword. This last tie had become a hopelessly broken thread: he must die an exile, without a friend to wipe away the last tear.

No man could have seen much more of human hope to see it all in a life-time pass away.

Health, strength, and companionship in arms, national pride of the first Gentile order, home feelings springing up in a love-bed of one of earth's brightest and most fruitful climes, national honour in its proudest character of intellectual and commercial attainment the age presented, family feelings with the hearthstone repose in

heirs—all had gleamed to fade. He had tasted the nectar of what earth could give, but never secure.

What his state of soul was as to the future I know not, for I then cared not for these things: but O what could it be, if he knew not Christ as the restorer of all past and passing! for life, the only ray left, must soon go.

O yes, Jesus gives life most sure, companionship most blessed, family relations most sweet and cheering, national glory more stable than aught earthly, in every acquirement of soul and spirit; reclothing the soul with no frail tenement of clay, but with a glorious body, spotless and unfading, based on eternal sonship, his own glorious fellowship with the Everlasting Father of life and light; making the perishing, broken-hearted mortal, in such last desolate hours, with all the sorrowing record of such a biography, and the light of our text applied to its native hopes, still a soul of peace, a son of consolation, a child of repose. Can anything be said more glorious of the faith God has revealed in the face of Jesus Christ, than that it must, from its character, have been a full consolation to the old Venetian Soldier, if light had entered his soul, appointing beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. And O, dear reader! think what was this monument of life, this petrification of mortality, and its sympathies, if not resting in Jesus!

Where all the past hopes, the long field of memory, the events of interest, the early loves, manhood's passions, disappointments and success? Memory's impress of home and the beloved? Alas, may we not say, there was but one spot for nature to feel at home in the thought of; that suited one Venice's well remembered Bridge of Sighs with the motto, "All is vanity;" carried down her still waters in the silent, solemn movements of her ruined

sons of Pride and Liberty? Farewell, old man! May the Lord have given thee, long before the interview with thy careless questioners, the capacity to say, in truth, of a brighter city, where liberty will be real, "This man was born there."

THE JEW.

MYSTERIOUS wanderer, e'en thy sadness
 Has a beauty in its tears ;
 Wild thine eyes with sin's deep madness ;
 Over thee a shroud of fears ;
 Still within thee something stronger
 Than thy doom sustains thee long,
 Though so strangely thou dost wander
 Through all ages for thy wrong.

Burning still to hear the scorner
 Laugh at Judah's lion pride,
 Shrinking to the sinner's corner,
 Thou the blush of shame wouldest hide ;
 Yet e'en there the coming glory
 Keeps thee firm to live and hope ;
 Trampled down—yet Zion's story
 Is to thee a thrilling note.

Maids of Judah too are sighing,
 Cushioned in a gilded hall ;
 Or, beside those fountains dying,
 Seem to wait an earthly call.

Beautiful, yet pale with weeping ;
 Rich, yet with the heart away ;
 Or when nature's terrors meeting,
 Though mistaken, sigh and pray.

Is it that thou lovest nature,
 O'er a Gentile field of view ?
 Or can Israel's ruined features
 Charm thee in a doom so true ?
 No ! thou hop'st to see His banner
 Floating in her pleasant breeze ;
 Who shall make thy sons his hammer,
 Breaking Gentile strong decrees.

False to God, yet blind by measure,
 Thou hast slain the promised Man ;
 His word still thy latent treasure,
 While rejecting its true Lamb.
 Day by day thine heart is bleeding,
 Till his blood is owned as true ;
 Dark'ning, while his records heeding,
 Who thy people wildly slew.

Come, Messiah, Lord, and Master !
 Show the pierced witnesses ;
 Time rolls fast, we wish it faster,
 For in thee is Israel's bliss.
 Come and tell thy weeping people,
 That they ne'er shall wander more ;
 Build up Zion's lordly steeples—
 Come, and Judah will adore.

DELIGHT IN PURE LEARNING.

AN INCIDENT.

Poor, very poor, must be the heart which knows
 No other joys than those which flow from sense;
 Or sympathy with naught which sweetly flows,
 But what is finite in its impotence.

With this contrasted, how we love to see
 An eye so bathed in holy light and truth;
 As overwhelmed to weep as infancy;
 And to confess it, scorn to stand aloof.

Two learned doctors, one named Buchanan,
 Paced slowly round a field of transient tombs;
 Talking of God, his word, and that rich plan,
 Of Jesus and the glory, life's sweet boon.

In choice communion blest, they entered on
 The scripture field of versions and pure texts;
 A path of special honour to the one,
 A commentator of old manuscripts.

Now as the subject rose in the sublime
 Delights of learning sanctified to God,
 A thrill of joy as melody divine
 Rushed through the aged man as on they trod.

Be not alarmed, dear friend, I am not ill;
 No! 'twas a fragrant memory pouring joy;
 My eyes a gush of feeling now have filled,
 To think how sweet was that sublime employ.

It was so blessed, every word a depth
 Of God's unsearchable life-giving plan;
 Each mighty sentence pouring forth the width,
 The height and length of mercy found for man.

Yes, this is learning! wisdom's proudest aim,
 To help translate from tongues the ancient text,
 That in their homes our sons might sing the strain,
 And nought to children seem vain or complex.

My soul imbued so richly by the word,
 While searching in its first of vocal strains;
 Listening to those melodies as heard
 By ancient saints and patriarchs, tuned again.

As though rebounding echoes from above
 Had struck the past, and, floating on through time,
 Roll'd up its mists to tinge with gold and love,
 And rich as ever in their antique prime.

I drank the oldest wine the vineyard gives,
 As stored of God in its first purity;
 Then taught to pour it out to all who live—
 This, this was heaven below, 'twas ecstasy!

Shortly before the death of Dr. Buchanan, he was walking in a churchyard at Clapham with a friend, and entered into a minute account of the plan he had adopted in preparing a version of the Bible from Syrian manuscripts. Suddenly he stopped, and burst into tears. As soon as he recovered his self-possession, he said, "Be not alarmed, I am not ill; but I was completely overcome with recollections of the delight with which I engaged in the exercise. At first I was disposed to shrink from the task as irksome, and apprehended that I should find

even the Scripture weary, by the frequency of critical examination ; but so far from it, every perusal seemed to throw new light upon the Word of God, and to convey additional joy and consolation to my mind." And so translators and Biblical critics have ever found.—(From the "Bible in many Tongues.")—*Religious Tract Society.*

THE COMET.

" The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."
 THOU startling racer of a path unseen,
 Is there a glorious realm unknown to man,
 Flashing with streams of light, which ever gleam
 With diamond brightness far beyond our ken ?
 Ah, see this stranger, whose eccentric course
 And lightning speed assure us endless space,
 Is rich with wonders ; nor can he divorce
 The law of God's safe rule in all his race.
 Age after age his burning flight
 Inscribes this certain truth : O man, be sure
 What mischiefs must arise, if God's own right
 To rule be cross'd ; then be advised, endure
 With loving patience all He here commands,
 That thy strange path may glow with proof of his firm
 hand.

SANCTIFICATION.

" But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

O WAND'RING child of deserts wild,
 Afar where the zebra and ostrich are seen,
 Thy heart is at home and scornfully smiles
 At penitents troubled 'midst solitude's dream.

O watcher alone on the mast,
 While singing to surges and th' element's roar;
 Yea, if on an island untenanted cast,
 Thou still wilt rejoice in deep nautical lore.

Lone swallow, the last of the flock,
 Afar is the land and the gale off the shore;
 But still thou hast hope 'midst nature's sore lot,
 As the wing of thy speed struggles on for its store.

But little ye feel how alone
 Are we, to all nature, the pilgrims of God,
 While wending our way to that heav'nly zone,
 The hope of retreat from the thorns of the sod.

Your sources of thought cannot know
 Of crucified ties to all joy in the earth,
 In saints when they first awake to the blow
 Which opens their eyes to its ruin and worth.

Most holy and pure is the truth,
 But awfully felt in the depths of the soul,
 Which by nature still clings to the earth for a roof,
 Instead of a brighter and heavenly goal.

But blessed indeed so to feel,
 For the blast is all real, whether seen or forgot;
 The more this world fails, the clearer the seal
 Of holy resources and rest in our lot.

Yes, pilgrims of Christ have to learn,
 The love of the world has to perish by fire;
 The Holy One's spirit the affection will burn;
 Of the earth the great Father Christ's blood will
 require.

But to us the lot is not woe;
 Our Saviour the pathway hath sorrowing trod,
 As a reed overwhelmed in a waterspout's flow,
 Then raising our first-fruits of glory to God.

TRIUMPH OF NATURE.

"For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaleth in pain until now."—*Rom. viii. 22.*

WHAT tremor vibrates o'er each feeble nerve,
 Raising a sigh intensely deep and sad?
 Why does each cherish'd hope in sorrow swerve
 From those stern tones of truth, sepulchral clad,
 Passing away?

The mighty groans of nature strike the note,
 The sweeping winds rush down from pole to pole;
 A choir cloud-curtained for all life they float
 Adown the stream of time; earth's organ roll
 Passing away.

The echo checks the bounding joyous blood
 Of every creature: see, they pause in awe!
 Man, beasts, or birds, or denizens of floods,
 Moan to that time-established fatal law—
 Passing away.

The lily pale, the dying rose-leaf's hue,
 The hollow oak, the burning autumn tint,
 E'en ancient rocks, as periods we review,
 All give that useful and oft-needed hint—
 Passing away.

Islands slow frittered, plains entombed, indite,
 As earthquakes grave, this motto on time's urn,
 Old continents wash down or burn a light,
 Pouring forth lava tears to read and learn—
 Passing away.

Strange rumours come from bright and lofty spheres;
 The sun has spots, the stars are seen to shoot;
 The moon at midnight, clouded o'er with tears,
 Declares their princely beams must also stoop,
 Passing away.

Man walks this vale of tears, the only one
 Conscious of all this ever-crushing wreck;
 Then, caught too long absorbed, he has to run—
 His consort needs a tomb, which he sees decked
 To pass away.

His eyes are wildly flashing in their tears,
 His thoughts are burning at a doom so true;
 But hope from heav'n bursts in amidst his fears,
 As soft and blessed, yet not like the dew—
 Passing away.

For as these gasps of nature break the span
 Of planet spheres, and enter heaven's door,
 It back recoils, for there the Son of Man
 (High Priest divine) declares Life comes—no more
 Passing away.

All raise a shout, all hail their conquering king,
 Waiting the coming of that second prime
 When new creation shall his praises sing,
 Redeemed from grief, rejoicing in *old* time,—
 Passing away.

Back rolls the veil between the heav'ns and earth—
 Expansive, ambient light shoots on through space,
 Enshrining all with glory, which has birth
 In Him who died those words to quite efface—
 Passing away.

The Eden fellowship of heaven and earth*
 Sees Jacob's dream† and Jesu's promise true,‡
 Then all at last, transfigured,§ own His worth,
 Flashing immortal glory, ever new,—
 To live for aye.

AGAPEMONE.

“God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.”—1 *John* iv. 16.

EVER blessed Spirit,
 First of all virtues, all grace blending
 In thy sweet one,
 What home does love inherit?
 Can wealth or beauty, by thy lending,
 See truth on life's throne?

Do lovers night-stealing,
 Or cots by sweet glancing waters,
 Thy calm couch gain;
 Where dear children pray, kneeling,
 Taught of earth's rustic daughters,
 Ere life feels her stain?

* Rev. v. 13.

† Gen. xxviii. 12.

‡ John i. 51.

§ 1 Cor. xv. 28.

Does the sun in glory,
 Driving to cool shades the dark Indian,
 Waken thy thrills ;
 Or the lone emigrant's story,
 As the voyage of life is fast ending,
 Say, here are thy hills ?

Do veil-covered beauties,
 Or gloomy old monks find thee hiding,
 Their idols beside ;
 Hermits shrinking from duty,
 Or pilgrims, earth's relics for guiding,
 Hear thee near them glide ?

No ; sighing in sorrow,
 Thou criest as each vain scene appears,
 Not there I rest ;
 All where sin dwells is hollow ;
 If checked awhile its flowing tears—
 Still 'tis but unrest.

But in God, the Gracious,
 Who draws all my nectar of glory,
 Is my delight ;
 With One (His most precious)
 Who gave blood that my sweet story
 Might soar to its height.

The gem of His subjects,
 I deign to no home of less measure
 Than infinity ;
 His sweet name and rich object,
 The power of all His glory, real treasure,
 And dignity.

In him ever flowing,
 What soul soever in God is dwelling,
 Love dwells in him.
 In Christ my realm is growing,
 Through that flood from His side welling,
 All cleansing from sin.

Yea, loving his brother,
 Man dwelling in God the true loving,
 My home shall see :
 Nor seek I any other,
 Except as by His Spirit's moving,
 All in Him agree.

GLORY IN HEAVEN.

“ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit”—1 *Cor.* ii. 10.

SON of God ! look thou above,
 Jesus stands enshrined in love ;
 Lights of queenly Salem gleam,
 O'er life's ever-flowing stream ;
 See the dazzling myriads there,
 Bend before thy Lord in prayer.
 Child of glory ! that rich home,
 That all-glorious, radiant throne,
 Cherubim present the sign,
 In thy Lord, 'tis thine ! 'tis thine !

Hark ! the music of the spheres
 Falls upon thy raptured ears ;
 What the burden of the swell ?
 " Jesus hath done all things well."
 Not the bloody battle song
 Of the haughty worldly strong ;
 'Tis the sweet salvation hymn—
 " Christ hath cleansed us all from sin."
 Of those love songs, every line,
 Child of God, 'tis thine, 'tis thine !

Perfect beauty there we trace,
 In the radiance of each face ;
 How the blended graces shine,
 In all purity divine :
 The lofty soul, with heart refined,
 Where sweet affections live entwined :
 All knowledge in the deep profound
 Of wisdom infinite abounds.
 Child of glory, that new wine
 Of blessedness, 'tis thine, 'tis thine !

Haste this highest prize to win ;
 Purge thyself from inward sin ;
 Keep thy Zion home in view ;
 Oft thy strength by prayer renew ;
 Cleanse each mote ; mount, mount on high,
 With eagle pinion ;—fear nor sigh.
 See the path of virtue's prize
 Held before thy dazzled eyes ;
 Scorn for worldly joys to pine ;
 All above is thine, is thine !

RESIGNATION.

WHY should I echo discontent,
 Because 'tis popular 'mongst men ?
 For lives which have no trial blent,
 Biography disdains a pen.

And what the salt of life to those
 Whose home is heav'nly and eterne ?
 Earth's Eden hope to me, though closed,
 Will steel me more of Christ to learn.

An avalanche of portents dark
 O'erhangs each mountain on the way ;
 But wait on God, we're sure to mark
 Th' immortal purpose of each day.

Wrapped in a fold of living light,
 My soul reads all within the veil ;
 Can Jesu's cross be seen aright,
 And my light sorrows doubt entail ?

Our Father's arm supports the earth,
 And by the heaven's cerulean blue,
 Smiles into beauty ocean's surf ;
 Can he not troubled hearts renew ?

A REQUIEM.

FAREWELL, our sister kind and pure,
 Thy dress on God now all devolves ;
 For Jesus thou didst here endure,
 The sorrows of a saint's resolve.

Deep unto deep in thy soul call'd,
 The Spirit wrought and thou didst fear ;
 That dear Redeemer, priest installed,
 Spoke peace, and made thee full of cheer.

Then prayers were breathed for all around,
 That those belov'd might meet on high ;
 Thou knewest hope in Christ was sound,
 And for its progress oft didst sigh.

(I knew thee well, wished thee to stay,
 I lose a helper in the Word ;
 The preacher in me mourns the day,
 The friend and Christian thanks the Lord.

For thou art liberated—freed
 To give all strength to God in song ;
 To wish thee back were selfish greed,
 So sad thy life with frequent wrong.)

Cheered by the Spirit's aid that night,
 Thy faith fed well on holy themes ;
 Now thy reflections live by sight,
 And hope sublime is found no dream.

Farewell! we loved thee much below,
 Far more shall hearts respond above ;
 Much here did hinder its full flow,
 But there all feelings gush with love.

Farewell! we look not on the clod,
 Now thrown to cover thy remains ;
 But watch thy spirit's flight to God,
 Where saints experience death-bought gain.

'Twas eventide in day and time,
 December's threat'ning clouds appear'd,
 Why should we then for thee repine ?
 The age is drawing to its sear.

O soon will come that new year's morn
 When Jesus death itself shall quell ;
 To worldlings 'tis an awful storm,
 But we scarce need to sigh farewell.

This memento is to the memory of a Christian lady who died in December, 1857, in Cornwall. She had read to her husband (in her usual health) two sermons of Mr. Spurgeon's, one having 1 Cor. ii. 9 for its text, the last thing the same evening, and expressed how much her faith had been refreshed, and her assured hope for peace in God her Saviour. She complained, on going upstairs, that her breath was short, and ere midnight realized in spirit some of the realities of that text in the Paradise of justified spirits, to await the fuller glories of the Resurrection, at the advent of Him in whom was her whole trust and last-expressed delight.

THE REGION OF THOUGHT.

" Lorenzo! welcome to the scene ; the last
 In nature's course, the first in wisdom's thought."
Night Thoughts.

WORLD of impression, ever brilliant, full,
 Stretching throughout th' illimitable, bright,
 And thronging glories of eternal light—
 As God doth rule.

God's element, unsearchable, intense ;
 High, holy, clear, a burning fount of truth ;
 All beautiful, and floating out for proof
 Of all not thence.

In angel hearts, rich, gentle, humble, sweet ;
 Finite within, yet infinite through God ;
 Majestic by integrity, but to his word
 A suppliant meet.

A ruin in the realms of hell, and wrought
 The same wherever sin has gained the heart,
 So dark that at the name *true* Reason starts
 To call it thought.

Thought ponders much in doubt o'er feeble man,
 Who by the truth, his star, her portals sees ;
 Without it, mind and soul are thought diseased.—
 Lines, verses, plans.

Heaven, how glorious ! Thought has triumphed there ;
 Space, chaos, hell, are grasped, or swept the void ;
 Earth's rich variety one day employed,
 The time of care.

Eden, a flower, favourite of infancy,
 To which, in nature's love, she clings for aye,
 Till forced to th' vale of gloom she must obey,—
 Though deep the sigh.

But thought, baptized in truth, has reached a height,
 Purple with glory in a field blood red,
 Then dashed the tear, she rose from her sick bed
 To living light.

She looked at heaven—a judge her claim would try ;
 Trembled, cast down her eye—hell gaped and burned ;
 Despairing, looked between, and as she turned,
 Saw Calvary.

Amazed at weight of new-born mystery,
 Thirsting, she drank, drank deep and constantly,
 And there would rest; when suddenly her eye
 Was caught to th' sky ;

Where a sweet face was seen which ever shone
 With glory infinite, the brow impress'd with light ;
 Thought found her day below had been a night,—
 Heaven was her home.

Yet stays a measured while 'mong falling leaves
 Of earth's cold glens, to tell of Him who died,
 To bring *pure* thought to those who truth denied,
 And heaven had grieved.

Active before, but without holy aim,
 She rushed as mighty wind to tell the tale,
 To all the streams of thought without the pale
 Of her rich gain.

While linked with Him above, she ever mused
 On those delights eternal, which gave strength
 To follow out her work in breadth and length,—
 Nor toil refused.

Earth's history and self she freshly scann'd ;
 No dream of fancy, but th' electric light
 Revealed, enabled her to read it right,—
 As God had plann'd.

The past had lost its shadows, nor was loss;
 The future in the mystic mirror'd plan
 Of the prophetic chart she taught to man—
 His through the Cross.

Though labouring not for self, she grew quite rich;
 Building no home, she raised a house of light,
 Foundationed most in Jesus' love or might,—
 She scarce saw which.

Until at last, her day of labour o'er,
 She passed her time in singing of his blood;
 Then love came o'er her in so rich a flood—
 All proved that store.

Then o'er a field of worlds, 'tween earth and heaven,
 Floated on sunbeams to that city bright,
 Which long had been her heartfelt deep delight,—
 As she had striven.

And now she settled down entranced, but free;
 No better home the wanderer could find,
 Or less accept, than in th' eternal mind
 Of God to be.

GLORY.

“High worth is elevated. . . .
 Other ambition nature interdicts.”
Night Thoughts.

SEDUCING passion, life's attractive dream,
 Long hast thou led and laughed at human hope,
 Thinking thy spell a song of lofty note.
 Man loves thy theme.

Deluding fair one, Glory ! thou dost point
 At visions deck'd with all-bright shadowings,
 Deciphered by our own imaginings,
 In minds disjoint.

For lures, each gem of earth, and all in heaven,
 Of shadowy greatness o'er the sense or mind,
 Are snatched to fold the mighty, making blind
 By subtle leaven.

Each heart so clings to think some brilliant shore,
 Though lost to others, his by master wit,
 All gladly to thee for a likeness sit,
 To send before.

Sought by the ruined for a bitter joy ;
 E'en Cain, th' accursed, for a healing spell,
 Fought, built, and laboured for a death-sick cell,
 Doom to destroy.

His Nimrod offspring, none the wiser grown,
 Hunted the world to catch thy beams of light,
 The emblem for the moral of their might—
 A mural stone.

Yea, wisdom in God's sons was trip'd or bound,
 And he who wrote her proverbs oft and well,
 To taste thy subtlest wine, o'erstepp'd and fell
 From safety's ground.

Until restored by grace, they parsed it o'er,
 As children who at school have thoughtless been,
 Then show repentance, cured of all their spleen,
 And pride's deep core.

But yet the power of thy trumpet claim,
 Shall girdle all the world as with a song ;
 Proving, enchantress, thine is not the wrong,
 Nor thine the stain.

One here has been who knew the diamond key,
 To catch and hold all colours in thy prism ;
 Weaving them in one circlet, free from schism,
 Immortally.

All others found their native crown was death ;
 All quailed at that but Christ, and He attained
 To glory through it, nor thy rainbow stained
 By a last breath.

He fought for truth; with blood the world was stained ;
 It was his own, and glory proves his crown,
 As thence He rose, and struck that tyrant down
 Who God had pained.

In Christ we crown infinity's far height,
 The throned sublime—Ambition's lawful whole,
 God's measured, measureless, untainted goal,
 Renown all bright.

Others, mistaken, fought in earth-born pride ;
 Humility, loss, suffering, grace, his ways ;
 Friend, art thou touch'd to learn this from his days,
 The heart to chide ?

The rolls of history declare his right ;
 King by pure influence, swelling as a tide,
 Quickly he comes to spread true glory wide,
 To hell's affright.

Yea, such the halo of all conquest there,
 The vanquished are redeemed and crowned in him ;
 Full clothed in glory, which they learned to win
 By faith and prayer.

Both God and Man he comes; night shrinks to nought;
 The stars His crown, His throne thy splendid shrine ;
 Earth's story, now illuminated, shines
 With blessings fraught.

His arch triumphal, space o'erflowed with light,
 The sculpture wrought of worlds by him subdued ;
 God's sons his train, so brilliantly renewed,
 They dazzle sight.

INFANT DEATH.

“The dead, how sacred! sacred is the dust
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine!
 This heav'n-assumed, majestic robe of earth,
 He deign'd to wear who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and clothed the sun in gold.”
Night Thoughts, iii.

WHY bloom sweet primroses in early spring,
 Then die before the royal sun is high ?
 They come to smile a warning; workman, ply
 Each rural thing.

Why falls the tinctured bloom from fruitful trees,
 Ere, richly leaved, each branch is fully dress'd?
 Why but to come with smiles, not give the less,
 Each by degrees.

'Tis thus, sweet infant, thou art pass'd away,
 Nor stayed to strive till glory here is won.
 'Tis well; an infant dying warns, our run
 May pass to-day.

Thus this weak, pallid witness hints a word
 Of solemn truth, which sages, deeply set
 In seeking nature's lore, often forget,
 So lose life's gourd.

What not impress'd that time is short to man?
 Look there! see living truth in graven lines.
 Man, thou art mad to e'er forget such signs.
 Sin has its ban.

But light from glory o'er that brow we see.
 Memento mori, say? Yes, of a Lamb.
 Here lies a lamb—One said, I break that ban;
 Remember me.

Then weep not, faint not, but once gently throw
 Thine arms around that peaceful tranced dove,
 E'en death shall feel thou art resigned, and love
 This balm to know.

Thy every day shall richly feel the tie,
 Binding thy soul to glory in the heavens;
 Then, deep in prayer, thou'l own it mercy given,
 And pant to fly.

THE BENIGHTED JEWESS.

“The Lord hath trodden the virgin, the daughter of Judah,
as in a winepress.”

“Oh, mourn ye for Zion! her beauty is faded,
Her joy is departed, her glory is fled;
The light and the hope of her beauty is shaded,
She wanders in darkness, her comforts are dead.”—M. T. L.

From Report, Brit. Soc.

THE sun has set—soft night o'er Salem steals,
Rich aromatic fragrance slumber seals
All breaths of beauty, such as eastern nights
Alone can whisper to the heart's delight.
One watcher sits within her latticed tower,
Lovely and pale as moonbeams of the hour;
'Tis Marah, daughter of a pilgrim Jew,
Come from far lands that love she may renew;
Love steeped in tears for her, their pride, their home;
Love ardent, hopeless, turning hearts to stone;
Yet still a love so full, so firm, unchanged,
It would not from its idol passion be estranged.

The stars keep watch, the north wind freely blows,
Yet brings no cooling—wins her no repose.
Absorbed she sits—in fancied visions rise
Those glories past forgetfulness defies.
Well does she know the history of each tribe,
The fame and failure of God's early bride.—
What rushing sound, what voice of many feet,
Are heard? Ah, see those fiery war-steeds fleet!
As distant thunder rolls the war afar,
While backward turns the Gentile battle car;
Their chieftain's banner falls—she starts, turns pale;
Alas, 'twas only fresh'nings of the Dead Sea gale.

Again abstracted—though she tries to fling
 Away in thought the sorrow truth will bring ;
 Yet faintly struggling gives her dream its sway,
 In bright illusions of those better days.
 Imagination turns from pressing truth,
 For youthful minds its vivid power has proof.—
 A song she hears, it rolls in conquering swell,
 'Tis hers who sternly counsell'd Barak well.
 Mount Tabor hears it in her queenly state,
 Nor will the victor aught of wrath abate.
 Hark ! is not that faint Sisera's last groan ?
 No ! aged voices o'er thy ruins, Salem, moan.

Those hollow sounds lie deep in Marah's soul ;
 Her father,* do his tears now sadly roll,
 Heart-broken, down that cheek of withered grief,
 Experience taught to bleed nor hope relief ?
 Still youth's sweet visions come, for promise given
 Bubbles a fountain from the heights of heaven ;
 E'en frenzy, clinging to those beams of light,
 Colours with glory desperation's night.—
 Soft floats the song ; 'tis maidens' breathing love,
 Chanting young David's praise his king's above.
 Wildly she cries, I'll join !—What wakes her ear ?
 'Tis Moslem's song at captive maiden's harp and tears.

O where the refuge of the whirlwind tossed,
 In mazes of uncertain purpose lost ;
 Half light, half dark, without the peaceful gloom
 Of ignorance, the mental nature's tomb ;

* The old men go to lament over the few remaining stones
 of Zion's wall.

Just high enough to see life's narrow scope,
 Yet not to find sin's secret fortress moat,
 True freedom's bar. Come, Solomon ! she cries,
 My love, my Lord, thy wisdom hell defies.
 See the bright golden throne, its lions see,
 Emblems of glory, power, and majesty.
 Hark ! does the holy temple's chorus swell ?
 Alas ! the muezzin cries Mahomet's fame to tell.

THE JEWISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

SWEET Sharon's blushing rose,
 Wastes all its fragrance on the gale
 Alone ;
 Judah's wild music flows
 From broken harp-strings to bewail
 And moan.

No grapes of purple bloom
 For us in Eschol's fruitful vale
 Give cheer ;
 But now o'er early tombs,
 Our matrons task is the entail
 Of tears.

Our faith a Gentile scoff,
 The venomed tyrants' cause of scorn
 And hate.
 Nor dare we look aloft ;
 The heavens are brass—God will no wrath
 Abate.

'Tis thus we linger on,
 The long, long time of feebleness
 And woe ;
 Yet still our plaintive song
 Shall wind around one hope of bliss
 Below.

Messiah surely comes.
 No thought of Israel's God shall fail
 In truth ;
 Yet, David's royal son
 Shall make the scoffer shrink and wail
 The proof.

The lattice closes—Marah leaves. To rest ?
 Ah, no ! the thoughts which burn are in her breast ;
 She cannot with a song shake off that stroke.
 The muezzin's awful triumph (which still floats,
 As lightning threatens oft midst gentlest dews),
 Is cause of Judah's maid to rest refuse.
 Alas ! it will not come ; she cannot win
 A peace torn from her tribes by blackened sin.
 She knows not that true light which is the spell,
 All torments of the soul in man to quell ;
 She knows not him who is the life, the light,
 Who only can dispel the Jewish maiden's night.

O balm of Gilead, linger on no more,
 Though mercy still is healing with thy store ;
 The elder born is bleeding unto death,
 Their calling shall enrich the gospel breath.
 O Holy Spirit, open many eyes
 E'en now in Israel to discern the prize ;

Ye who perceive of faith the rainbow thread,
 Pity the fallen, send them living bread.
 O Lord of hosts, come, far and wide proclaim
 The richness of thy blood o'er land and main.
 Judah then cleans'd, thy standard claims once more,
 And in her triumph gives the world its store.

MORNING STARS.

"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God
 shouted for joy."

COMPANIONS true, sparkling in beauty's glow,
 Like Patience shrined in light; waiting on high,
 To smile and bless through time, as on it flows,
 'Mid earth-born sighs.

Heaven seems to mourn, as dew-drops fall on earth,
 Refreshing as the tears of thy bright spheres,
 Telling of sorrow there o'er the small worth,
 On this their peer.

While unexhaled they wait the rising sun,
 Bright type of Him who comes to dry all eyes;
 Ye wait ere proof of steadfastness is won,
 True glories prize.

Speak, rolling orbs! proclaim in sparkling thought
 A solemn warning to all drowsy men;
 Day comes to show the wonders Christ has wrought,
 Heaven opening.

Life's brightest night must faint in death ere long,
 As wrestler worn, before the Lord of day;
 Light flashing shows the sleeper madly wrong,
 Too late to pray.

Compassionate, ye linger, beacons of hope,
 Daring upon the verge of laws of light,
 To warn, that dreamers yet may catch a note
 Of truth aright.

Ye leave unwillingly, for holy love,
 While radiant glory rises o'er the hills,
 Would win one soul to thought of God above,
 As Jesus wills.

But ah! what holds the sin-clogged mind of man,
 Down bent upon earth's idols, grovelling low;
 He heeds no lustres in the heaven-laid plan,
 Or beauty's glow.

Ye brighter stars lighting this moral night,
 'Tis thus your heaven-born race should seek to be;
 Pure as its blue your sphere, your constant light
 As theirs, all free.

Ye shall not lose one glorious speaking beam,
 Before the sun of earth's bright second morn:
 His blaze shall feed the electric vital stream,
 None left forlorn.

Service, th' evangel's: strength, the holy peace,
 Pure, heav'nly, untouched, like the lamp of God;
 Which dwelt in Jesu's breast without decrease,
 While on earth's sod.

The Father's love, breathing through us as light
 Of stars above the clouds and storms of hate,
 Which blast the earth-born candle by the fright
 Of this world's state.

Sing on your songs as, at Creation's birth,
 The stars and angels sang, the line gone out
 Afar, to tell of Jesu's brilliant worth—
 Hell put to rout.

O may my soul so watch, so purely shine,
 That when He comes to bring in peace for war,
 He may adorn me with true honour's sign,
 The morning star.

For He is gone before us in the night,
 The first of stars, telling of coming day;
 But now, transformed, He shines a sun alway
 To feed our light.

NAVAL REMINISCENCES.—No. II.

THE CHRISTIAN CAPTAIN.

“ He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof
 are still.”—*Ps. cxvii. 23.*

THERE move 'mongst mortals a stern, daring race,
 Of iron nerve, whose training has effaced
 Seeming of gentleness;
 Ocean's expanse their loved abiding rest,
 Whose roaring, rushing waves give life its zest,
 Its calm their emptiness.

Impassioned in the gentle breeze, in storms abashed,
 If consciousness of danger 'scapes while lashed,
 The struggling bark leans o'er;
 Eyes seasoned to the lightning's flash, and hearts,
 E'en when at midnight it reveals, at starts
 The rocks, know no palor.

In revels wild as though they did imbibe,
 As wine, the spirit of the briny tide,
 Yet trained to self-command.
 When midnight storms and secret shoals abound
 On the lea shore, their mettle then is found,
 Well tempered, firm in hand.

The laughing whelming waters as they roll,
 Demand for mastery the sympathetic soul,
 In the sea-merchant Lord :
 Away, ye tremblers ! keep the daisied shore,
 Or o'er your feeble nature learn to soar,
 Venture not thou aboard.

But while the elements their revels hold,
 Grown by their massive freedom wildly bold,
 Some watchers at the show ;
 Learn, in their voice of thousand trumpet tongues,
 As deep to deep respond with mighty lungs,
 Their ruling God to know.

Yea, some are found who will not founder when
 That mighty Sov'reign holds the assize of men,
 Watchers o'er earth or sea.
 They see Him in the cloud, the calm, the breeze,
 The mountain wave, the rocks, the border trees,
 Old ocean's livery.

The flow of truth hath caught their hearts, as reeds,
 Wrenched from their cavern depths for distant seed,
 In lovely lands unknown ;
 Yea, have been swept by grace in that red tide,
 Flowing from out that rock, Lord Jesus' side,
 And spite of self have groaned.

A midnight watch, awake to that sure stream,
 Which slowly, yet in time, must strike a beam,
 Life's transient bubble float;
 They sought in him a bay, and found one wide,
 In which all navies may the storm outride,
 Liner or fisher's boat.

Stay, Memory, bring up a white-haired man,
 Firm-hearted, as the speaking features ran,
 Yet gentle as a child.
 A British warrior victor o'er a foe,
 None e'er more ready at the skilful blow,
 Upon the blue sea wild.

Hillyer, thy name still lives more honoured far,
 For Christian grace on board a man of war,
 Than the historic wreath;
 A sailor veteran, impassable to fear,
 Yet o'er sin's deadly wreck the warrior's tear,
 Duty refused not leave.

Informed, instructed, seldom didst thou fail,
 Whether on love Divine or how to sail,
 Sweetness thy features laved,
 Devoted to thy Lord, and to her good,
 Thy country's, all alive, no braver stood,
 Where Britain's standard waved.

This feeble memento is but a just tribute of respectful remembrance to a British officer now passed from the scenes of earthly honour to a happier reward, on a far better basis—the acknowledged value of the blood of Christ, to which he ever bore an earnest testimony,

while the author knew him as his Friend and Captain. Admiral Sir James Hillyer commanded the *Phebe* frigate in the American war, and triumphed over one of that nation.

In 1832, he commanded the *Revenge*, 76, and fitted her out, though he was soon removed to the *Caledonia*, 120. In the former ship, the author had the privilege of being with him. He was most earnest for the moral and spiritual well-being of his men, and one of the first improvers of the state of the crews in our service. The writer has seen him take the cat from the hands of the boatswain, when some delinquent was lashed for punishment, and, throwing it overboard, assure the men he would never have another, if they would save him the necessity of so morally degrading them ; while as an act of credit on their honour, he let off the present delinquent ; yet pledging himself to carry out his duty, if their hardened conduct constrained him, for the necessary ends of the service. He ever sought to introduce intellectual improvement and spiritual truth at his table, though derided in secret by those who could not value his principles ; although his position, general kindness, known integrity, and veteran services, secured him outward respect.

He would kindly bend to go into the chains, to encourage his young midshipmen to learn all practical seamanship, and few could throw the lead better.

Cruising in the Channel, he was often up all night, considering the safety of every life on board his responsibility, as much as if a part of his family. Though the writer sees the dispensational error of such a position for a follower of Him whose weapons were not carnal ; yet the difference in such a commander was apparent enough when the writer's first cruise passed with another distin-

guished officer, without a single religious service on board.

The following extract is made from Jackson's "Life of Robert Newton," a Wesleyan of eminence. A letter of his says:—"April, 1841.—Here I am, thank God, in safety and health. Yesterday, after a long journey, I attended two missionary meetings at Devonport, &c. Admiral Sir James Hillyer took the chair. He is an eminently devout man."

THE DYING CHRISTIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

FAIR, beautiful, created light,
 Must it depart from me in youth ?
 Death, shall thy shadows early blight,
 As horror from the voice of truth ?
 Where, Sympathy art thou ?
 Sweet Sympathy, allow
 Hope a poor dying maiden to endow.
 Oh, how in ages past has oft
 Young Beauty cast its eye aloft,
 Then, as all gloom seem'd gathered there,
 Breathed a last sigh and passed in prayer.

In Greece, in Rome, Palmyra's halls,
 Or e'en midst vines of Palestine,
 The fairest shoots have heard Death's call,
 Seeing of hope no transient line.
 Where, Sympathy, wert thou ?
 O Sympathy, endow
 With pity. One sigh for them allow.

They struggled as the light retired.
 Where am I going ? Fear inquired.
 Still fast they clung to nature's sweets,
 The future one vast yawning deep.

My eye, too, treasures those sweet flowers,
 Alarméd friends so fondly press ;
 Song birds restore memorial hours,
 Which life in rosy dawnings dress'd.
 What, Sympathy, wert thou,
 If thou couldst not allow
 One sigh for all my God in power endow'd ?
 My Father's hours of evening rest,
 Seem more than ever to be bless'd ;
 And all my little stock of lore,
 Aids but to dazzle mind the more.

My gentle mother near me stands,
 Her lip so trembling, like despair ;
 Her efforts self to quite command
 I know are only for my care.
 O, Sympathy, canst thou
 Such grief suppress'd allow,
 While she so sadly wipes my damp, pale brow ?
 Mother ! God's peace will come,
 Jesus was His *own* Son.
 As our great Father's pity gave His blood,
 Christ's sympathy shall be for strength a flood.

Grief, thou shalt have no power o'er me ;
 If others passed away in dreams,
 Trembling to think the spirit free,
 Light from Jehovah o'er me streams.

Now, Sympathy, now, now !
 Blest Sympathy, avow
 My joy triumphant, as on Stephen's brow,
 To see my Saviour on His throne,
 Watching my faintest sigh or moan.
 Sweet Sympathy, I clasp thy zone ;
 His sympathy all loss atones.

Oh, where the sorrow, then, to die ?
 Shall I lament a Christian maid
 Who feels such holy ecstacy,
 Nor would my Shepherd's truth upbraid ?
 What, Sympathy, wert thou,
 My breast not thus endowed,
 Or I at sleep in Him, one sigh allowed ?
 Oh, listen to that bitter cry,
 " Eloi, lama sabachthani ! "
 Then let me but lament for those
 Who know no Christ when life may close.

"Twas thus she passed away to God,
 All her last thoughts winged from above ;
 She saw no sorrow where He trod
 Whose grace attracted all her love.
 Yet sympathy below
 True grace will still bestow,
 For all whose present loss makes swift tears flow.
 Her last words were, in life's sad cup,
 " I'm going home to heav'n soon ; "
 Heavenly Father, take me up ! "
 And thus her spirit swept through heaven's dome.

* The actual last words of a dear young lady of St. Columb, Cornwall (Emma A.), who died of consumption at the age of

GRATITUDE'S AWAKENING.

AWAKEN, Gratitude, nor cease to sing;
Strike the pure harp-tones of supernal praise;
Let the full rapture glow with life among
Those awful days;
In melodies of heaven, which thrill so free,—
Jehovah Jesus! I am one with thee.

For the rich wisdom echoing from all time,
For all my own experience in its strife,
For all the promised joy of heaven's wine,
Great Lord of time and vast eternity,
Jehovah Jesus! I will sing of thee.
Beyond this life,

For humbling truth of thine electing love,
Weeding my soul of all its latent pride;
For full assurance in the threefold band,
Though weakness sighed,
With light those shepherd promises to see,
Jehovah Jesus! I will sing of thee.

nineteen. Her eldest brother had gone, in the same faith, and by the same disease, before her. The Lord of the vineyard claims to pluck the fairest flowers as He pleases. His will be done. She spoke of her brother as one link of the family in heaven gone before. His testimony was equally precious. Her strong affection for her father and family, and a pure taste for natural beauty, made it hard at first to think of death so young; but all was quietly given up to love divine when the writer last saw her.

Yea, for the sharp and lingering pain of sin
Which, while I wait, weans my poor heart of earth;
The Spirit's mighty struggle strong within,
Crushing life's mirth;
The home, the friends, pass off, and all I see;
Jehovah Jesus! yet I'll sing of thee.

And when life's tribulation all is past,
As the rent heavens open Christ to bring;
When from thy lap all wealth he has amass'd,
Spreads on Love's wing;
This best refrain transcendent then shall be—
Jehovah Jesus! song belongs to thee.

THE GLOOM AND THE GLEAM.

ALAS ! my soul, all love seems gone ;
My spirit buried deep in care ;
My heart a moss-entombed stone ;
Why dost thou thus so sparingly fare ?

The slow canal smiles at the morn,
Though oft reflecting clouds there driven;
And though so dull, its depths adorn,
Presenting half the vault of heav'n.

But I feel weary, weary, sad,
 Too oft despairing of the end.
 And then I'm pained to see one glad,
 Though infants' kiss and smile would blend.

O dust, thou burden! Pardon, Lord
 A state so deep in unbelief;
 Send me some sweet and touching word,
 Gloom then will teach of love a leaf.

Once Paradise as virtue bloomed,
 Then came a horror! hell seem'd king'd!
 One promise came, it heal'd the wound,
 And ruin changed to glory winged.

ETERNAL SONG.

"O song! thou shouldst the utterance be
 Of thoughts the highest, sweetest, best;
 Mayst thou prove so my minstrelsy,
 And then, ah! then, I shall feel blest."

Songs of La Colonna.

ROLL on, ye strains of rich delight,
 Which scarce infinity can hold;
 Eternal song can have no night,
 Striking as pulse on harps of gold:
 Millions of angels can but bring
 A symphony to thy full string;
 For God hath touched a swell,
 So rich it death can quell;
 Yours is the power He loves his grace in Christ to tell.

Eternal heavens flash with light,
 Responsive to thy holy strains ;
 Th' echoing zones own the pure might
 Which breathes a balm for sorrow's pains ;
 In God the mightiest psalm or air
 Attains all sweetness, for tis' there
 Is every master key,
 Founded on Deity,
 Thrilling in blessing throughout earth and air.

Thou hast no frenzy, as no blight,
 But all is ecstacy in pauses bold ;
 As distant murmurs in the night,
 Do to the thoughtful heart unfold
 An unknown charm, like latent Hope,
 Whispering its own rich chosen note ;
 In God so true and sweet,
 For heaven 'tis fully meet,
 The wingéd soul soars up on the bright fancy wrote.

Heaven, earth, e'en rocks and rolling sea,
 Stars, winds, all creatures, help thy strains.
 Storms are thy bass ; all notes agree,
 When Jesu's blood hath quenched our pains ;
 That master note, that awful key,
 O God, 'twas even new to thee.
 Then flow eternal song,
 Thy music can't be wrong
 Which speaks of mercy's seat, reader, to thee and me.

One awful throne knows nought of song,
 Her echoes backward rush appall'd,
 And to their Eden fountain flung,
 No wonder Hell the place is called ;

For psalm, or chant, or floating air,
But faint near realms of black despair.
'Tis doom, indeed, to know,
Song there can never flow
To bless that daring throng and ebon chair.

Roll on, sweet song, thy holy strains
O'er heaven's vast, unmeasured space ;
No bounds shut in that glowing plain,
Whose starry glories love doth trace.
The saints, archangels, cherubim,
Innumerable join to win,
In that vast sphere above,
Rich melodies which God can move,
With glory, glory, unto Jesus witnessing.

THE ILLUMINATION:

OR, HYMN OF TRANSIT. REV. XV.

"Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners."—*Song of Solomon*, vi. 10.

BRIDE of the morn, arise, awake !
Thy royal bridegroom see ;
Omnipotent, Immaculate,
Prepares the crystal sea.

There thou shalt glass in righteousness,
Lighted by living fire ;
With heart delighted richly trace
That wedding morn's attire.

In ecstasy and songs of joy,
Thy spirit thrill with love ;
Beginning that sublime employ,
Which hallows realms above.

Wert thou elect, O beauteous one ?
Yea, and thy king will prove
Thee worthy of God's royal Son,
Who here presents his Dove.

The phalanx deep with mighty wings,
A galaxy of suns :
What weight eternal glory flings
On what the Lord hath done !

The world beholds it as a dream—
Yea, are constrained to own
The power of the wond'rous theme,
And flow around the throne.

Wrinkle, nor spot, nor failing thing,
Appears in all that light ;
As she the Queen of Beauty sings
Her maiden song in white.

Pure is the king, pure is the bride ;
Psalm 10lls around, afar ;
The force of truth spreads far and wide,
Triumphant in that car.

NAVAL REMINISCENCES.—No. III.

THE WRECK.

“And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.”
Night Thoughts.

O’ER Biscay’s dark green waters,
 I sailed in early youth ;
 Our might prepared for slaughter,
 Great Britain’s power to prove.

Ah, then my soul had rather
 Wander o’er distant lands,
 Than wait on God my Father,
 To aid His shepherd bands.

For the gay world did flatter
 My hope of youth’s delight ;
 Thus his ties of love were shattered
 By nature’s passing light.

’Twas th’ month our third in number,
 When wintry storms rush in,
 With lightning gleams and thunder,
 And the vast Atlantic stream.

The inky gulf was lashing
 Around our heeling bows ;
 Large flakes of foam oft flashing
 Above our lifted prow.

Aloft we oft were soaring,
 Then sliding down the waves ;
 The tempest round us roaring,
 As though to form a grave.

³ Upon our beam aweather,
 One lonely bark we see,
 Toss'd as a floating feather,
 Scudding adown the lea.

Foremast alone—no rudder
 Safely her path to guide ;
 Each telescope made shudder
 All looking o'er our side.

A spot on Time's vast ocean,
 A ruin of human hope,
 The shriek of the winds in motion
 Struck a responsive note.

³ We left her to her sorrow,
 Nor saw a soul alive,
 From whom we thought might borrow
 How aught on board did thrive.

And soon our gallant barky,
 Safely at Tangiers rides,
 Her crew a joyous party,
 Rowing o'er sunlit tides.

'Tis thus we see the fashion
 Of careless, thoughtless man,
 To gratify each passion,
 And be happy how he can.

Nor let the sight of others,
 Shattered in life's wild course,
 His reckless passions smother,
 Or aught abate their force.

'But there where life was rowing,
 False honour to emboss,
 One lonely heart was glowing
 With joy in Calv'ry's Cross.

'Midst jeers of youngsters laughing,
 'Midst stings of veteran scorn,
 Or friendly careless chaffing,
 Swerved not his call t'adorn.

In the path of truth and honour,
 With Christian dignity,
 Broke the shafts of every scorner,
 By force of charity.

Twice ten the years of folly
 Since registered on high,
 And a tale of melancholy
 Again awakes a sigh.

That vessel once so dashing
 Is crushed on an Arctic shore,
 Her vital timbers smashing
 Amidst the icebergs' roar.

Others her path then steering,
 In daring pride of life,
 Saw they the star for cheering,
 At the Pole of passage strife.

⁵ Awfully dark the story
 Of her brave but hapless crew;
 Proud Erebus! thy glory
 The scornful waters strew.

Though lost to us with "Terror,"
If they knew the *Light* of heaven,
Though here they steer'd in error,
In *Truth* they have well striven.

EXTRACT FROM THE LOG BOOK

OF H.M. BOMB EREBUS, MARCH 25TH, 1828.

P.M.—Fresh breezes and cloudy, with a heavy swell.
2. Set main trysail. Observed a wreck to windward, with loss of mainmast. Cape Finisterre, S. 28 W., 199 miles.

Note 1.—The Erebus bark bomb-vessel, was one of four sent to assist, after the battle of Navarino, in forcing the Turks to entirely relinquish the strong places in Greece, and establish that kingdom in its freedom. She had orders at one time to bombard Patras, but on arrival found the Etna had accomplished the work. Patras surrendered two days before our appearance.

2.—This was the first ship the author, then a boy of thirteen, a volunteer in the midshipman's berth, saw at sea. He has since become connected with the Royal Phalanx of Jesus, for the Word and Testimony of Free Grace and Prophecy. What has grace done?

3.—She was left, I understood, because she was very far to windward, running or scudding before the wind by her bare foremast; but from her yawning so much, it was judged she had been abandoned, as no signals were made; and we having a consul-general of the Barbary coast on board (Mr. Douglas), were under especial sailing

orders, while, from the state of the weather and the time required, under the circumstances, no good was expected to justify the delay, otherwise she might have been a prize of salvage.

4.—Among the crew there was one man worthy of remembrance, a consistent Christian, I think, named Cooper, a gunner's mate. He maintained the light of the Truth consistently for the two and a half years of her commission, in spite of the ridicule, persecution, and godlessness, but too common on board men of war; and by his unfailing attention to every duty, won the respect and admiration of officers and men, so that before we were paid off he had fairly overcome the bitter enmities and derision so common when true godliness appears amidst profaneness; and although the friendly jeering would never be dropped, he was valued and beloved by all more than their own old chums in iniquity.

His mess was called the Psalm-singing mess, the common term of ridicule, as Holy Foe is for a chaplain, when one is allowed. He influenced some others, I hope abidingly, though they never were known for much strength of stand. Being a small ship in rating, though frigate-built, there was no chaplain, and, except the burial-service, religion was altogether officially laid aside. This man maintained his widowed mother and sister with half his pay.

5.—The Erebus and Terror, as is well known, were the two discovery ships under the command of the unfortunate Franklin, who commanded her more than twenty years after the author of this memento to a worthier warrior was one of her officers. During her station he (the author) never attended but one service, and that out of curiosity, at the dockyard, Malta.

THE POET OF THE
VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.

AN ALLEGORY.

'TWAS an unworldly scene, though on the earth,
Afar from cities, and afar from sin ;
No voice came there, no echo of its mirth,
To tell the glory or the doom it wins.
'Twas as though Eden still below had been,
Yet, in the aspect of the skyey dome,
A mighty hand in power had tinted in
The purer beauty of a heav'nly bloom,
It seemed the soul itself more than the eye t'illume.

The atmosphere was far too pure for breath
Of aught made mortal only in its need ;
Life kissed each flower as a cure for death,
And e'en the solitude seem'd love to breed.
The very insects full on truth might feed ;
Innumerable song-birds warbled strains
The echoes most delightedly did heed ;
A cure for broken hearts 'midst sorrow's pains,
While aught not admirably pure the whole disdained.

Here lived a poet; white his brow and high,
Filled with a marvellous capacity ;
Calm, blue, and patient was his powerful eye,
Striking you with a sense of majesty.
His loving smile seem'd to all hate defy,
His aspect was as though he ever ruled,
His soul at discord with each faithless lie
Which foolishness had fancied for its tool :
Faith was his teacher, holiness of God his school.

Reflectingly he sat, while yet the sun
 Shone on the river (not the sun we see,
 But a pure light burning before begun
 Creation's order of infinity);
And as he learned to solve each mystery,
 He tasted of those waters to refresh,
And felt thereby his own sweet unity
 With a creation purer than the flesh,
 Bringing philosophy the clue to wisdom's subtlest mesh.

Oft he did touch the chords of his full harp,
 'Midst the deep thoughts of meditative hours;
 It was not that in notes he loved to carp,
 But inspiration would descend in power;
 'Twas then, indeed, his intellect did tower.
 Up from some reverie he oft would start,
 And, in the impulse of that mystic hour,
 Breathe out such touching melody of heart,
 It seem'd the brilliancy some angel must impart.

And as the glorious light of his mind's day
 Flooded around him in a bright halo,
 He knelt awhile for help from God to pray,
 Ere forth he felt thought's richest gems could flow;
 And thus divinely, daily he did grow
 In a sweet harmony with life above,
 For He who rules does gladly grace bestow;
 He sought to be the poet of that love
 Which once descended, shaped a heav'nly, holy dove.

I wot not of his secret thoughts entire,
 But Chebar's visions and sweet Siloa's gleam,
 The awful wonders of the stones of fire
 Which **flash'd** in glory of High Priestly beams;

And all the startling wonders angels deem
 So rich, they watch the hist'ry of the earth,
 Would often on his soul a picture seem.

He loved so much the things of perfect worth,
 He ever seem'd sedate 'midst inward heartfelt mirth.

But for the foster picture of his soul,
 Was one unchanging to his piety ;
As it is central as the ages roll,
 The brightest witness of God's Deity ;
 It was the awful scene of Calvary,
 With which each day his thoughts begin and end ;
 (So righteously blessed in equity,) It seem'd all wonders with such wealth to blend,
 He felt no extant power his soul could from it rend.

Of man and time, and all creation gives,
 Of stars and spheres, he sometimes sketched a thought :
 But ever as their glory only lives
 In Him who all by rich redemption bought :
 But words and notes especially he sought,
 Which could for life eternal give the praise
 To Him who had so many wonders wrought.
 He ever loved to say that all his days
 Were happy, could he only sing of Mercy's ways.

There were some mountains in the distant ground
 Which tower'd too high for calculation's pride,
 And ever as he looked he seem'd to bound
 In heart beyond ; although their waters glide
 So constantly unfailing by his side,
 Yet, in his happiness, he well did know
 There was no cause to be dissatisfied.
 Of disappointment he discerned no blow
 Faith said, it all was his God ever could bestow.

The world had thought him sad, so turned in scorn
 From one who would not sing for Passion's mart;
 Call'd him enthusiast, and, thus forlorn,
 Left him to study that bright graphic chart
 Which Revelation freely doth impart;
 Yet in his pity oft he turn'd to try
 If his sweet numbers could but win one heart;
 His constant labours fully did imply,
 Over perverseness how his gentle soul did sigh.

But there were scenes quite overwhelming
 Attractive to this child of master song;
 It was when Jesu's Lambs were waiting by,
 Then his pathetic numbers flow'd so strong,
 It seem'd as though the river flow'd along,
 Light, breeze, and beauty in the wold and sky,
 To help with voice Eolian among
 His notes, and warble as they would defy,
 All creatures not to join, and Christ to glorify.

But certainly the world he much despised,
 And all the subjects of its care and verse;
 Nor would he seek such feelings to disguise,
 At paltry objects bringing life a curse.
 In scorn he'd laugh to hear their pride rehearse
 The brightest measures of their master minds;
 The awful scenes of blood or lust they nurse,
 And the false laurels round each brow they bind;
 He grieved that talent could be mad, or coarse, or blind.

Cheerful the tones were ever from his voice,
 Or if a melancholy strain would come,
 It was from sadness at some sinner's choice,
 And then he would most touchingly bemoan.

It never left its gracious work half done.

Thus in the love of music they would wait,
Standing entranc'd, while forth his truths did run ;
So he would sing, if only as a bait
To win the revellers to a thoughtful gait.

Mere mortal loves did ne'er affect his soul,
Yet gentle maidens, children, and all flocks
Worthy his charge, would make his stanzas roll
Along the ground with power to shake the rocks.
Nor was he, as a man, a careless stock
Of all the nearest fellowships of earth ;
He bound around his heart no hermit's locks,
But only sought the thing of living worth,
To fill his days with a saved spirit's righteous mirth.

Not that companionship was much his care,
With God he felt he ne'er could be alone ;
Angels, he knew, beside those waters were,
He thought their presence oft his faith could own,
Such music seem'd all loss to quite atone.
Yet gladly he'd be spent for others' good ;
Benevolence itself from heav'n had flown
To where beside those verdant banks he stood,
And thus no loving heart could feel it did intrude.

O'er Lebanon he loved in thought to rove,
And ev'ry haunt of holy Palestine,
Where turtles once rejoiced 'mid myrtle grove,
Making response to David's wondrous line.
But more : it seemed as Poesy's best wine,
When flashes from the glory o'er him stole ;
It made his nervous spirit almost pine
In a deep passion for that heavenly goal—
Zion, the mother of all glorious strains that roll.

Yes, from the hallelujahs of delight
 Within his beating breast, now wash'd as snow,
 He sang the hope of dwelling in the light
 When his dear Saviour would descend below,
 To work truth's triumph in a glorious show.
 How he should bear the ecstasy he deem'd,
 Experience only could presume to know,
 To see and ever dwell in such a sheen,
 And hear heav'n's melodies in their most powerful
 stream.

What here can fill the soul of royal bards
 With satisfaction worthy life's intent,
 When living genius pours her true regards,
 And hath her sympathies with honour blent?
 Pavilioned as a queen in golden tent,
 Burning with thought, words seeming to distend,
 As a balloon to reach the mighty rent
 Of heav'n's door, when God his Son will send,
 And all the firmament of concave glory rend.

'Twere better to be dull in some poor cot,
 Bound to the valley clods and all its care,
 Better the peaceful cattle's passive lot,
 Than with a poet's passion life to dare,
 (If poor the pastures, 'twere less baneful fare)
 And rush at random on the grand or sweet
 In style, with naught but sensuals to lair.
 Fame may be gained, but how impure! we reap
 Here as elsewhere, as sown—tares, dust, or golden
 wheat.

O was this sweet conception never seen,
 Which would, if true, enamel Time with flowers;
 The type emphatic of what might have been,
 If Poesy had wrought for Christ all hours.

The bard's beatitude to make the towers
 Of earthly glory festive with delight,
 Watering the ages with those lovely showers
 Which fall to fertilize the pilgrim might:
 Yes, Poetry divine, God has sent forth a light.

It liveth still, the full and sweet-voiced stream,
 By holy gift still follow's mercy's wake,
 No truth of God can be a mythic dream,
 The song divine God gives for Jesu's sake.
 From that inspired, all feebler members take
 The beauties of each songster of the Church
 (No need foul fancies of the dark to rake):
 Amidst their failures we for pearls may search:
 How many blessed Hymns and Psalms give voice to
 Time's long march.

CHRIST MY GLORY.

GLORY! Glory! unto thee,
 Christ my God, my King, my All;
 Wrapt in thine infinity,
 I have heard thy heav'nly call.
 O, the word was sweet indeed
 Which my soul completely freed,
 Bringing that rich song to me,
 Glory! Jesus, unto thee.

Glory! Glory! lovely one,
 Dazzling star in human rays;
 What a glory thou hast won
 In thy space of sorrow's days!

Rich the robe of radiant gold
 Which my cleansed soul enfolds;
 Giving (O, how true the plea!)
 Glory, Glory unto thee!

Glory! Glory! unto thee
 From above and all below,
 May poor sinners come to thee,
 As the rivers in their flow!
 O, my soul! still thirst and pray
 For that still more glorious day,
 When my ev'ry thought shall be
 Glory, Jesus, unto thee!

THE CONSOLATIONS OF TIME.

"I will incline mine ear to a parable—I will open my dark
 saying upon the harp."—*Ps. xlix.*

TIME, since thy dawn upon my eye,
 I've felt the wear of care and pain;
 Yet shalt thou rend from me no sigh,
 Nor will I charge thee with a stain.
 There's melody within my heart.

Roll on thy conquering waters still,
 Crested with ruin as thy pride;
 My destiny I'll fain fulfil,
 Though nature's strongest cords are tried.
 There's melody within my heart.

Poor pilgrim though I be on earth,
 Born of the dust to dust I wend,
 I ask of thee no name of worth,
 Or sweets within my cup to blend.
 There's melody within my heart.

Misfortunes great regrets will raise,
 Where naught of thine was ever won ;
 If life's success should, all my days,
 Ne'er hold to morn—still have thy run.
 There's melody within my heart,

The cup of Lethe oft would be
 Desired of many, though of gall ;
 Thy best enchantments I will flee,
 And scorn annihilation's fall.
 There's melody within my heart.

Though memory will oft present,
 'Mong clouds of dust, some shadows sweet
 Of nature's youth—kind blessings lent,
 Yet let them wing thy blast more fleet.
 There's melody within my heart.

Crown o'er creation, plume of time,
 Rich parable profoundly dark,
 Aroma of thought's oldest wine,
 'Tis thou dost tune my feeble harp ;
 Thy melody's within my heart.

Eternity's unshackled grace,
 Heav'n's pride of glory and renown,
 With spectral time has kept apace,
 Bringing the lovely Gospel down.
 There's melody within my heart.

Hear it, Archangels, 'midst your songs!
 Hear it, all nations here below!
 My God made man, has died for wrong,
 And him in time I've learned to know.
 There's melody within my heart.

Who, then, shall doubt I'm full of praise?
 While blasts of winter beat at night,
 My lonely song with cheer I'll raise,
 And dare in Christ time's deepest blight.
 There's melody within my heart.

From Glory's spheres I seem to hear
 The richest music known above;
 These echos sweetly check all tears,
 And sorrow is absorbed in love.
 There's melody within my heart.

THE SOLDIER'S CALL.

"Rear thou aloft thy standard! Spirit, rear
 Thy flag on high! Invincible and throned
 In unparticipated night. Behold!
 Earth's proudest boasts, beneath thy silent sway
 Sweep headlong to destruction."—(*Time.*) *Kirk White.*

SEE yonder hill, where floats a nation's flag;
 Mark well its bearer as the fight he views
 With calm yet anxious eye. His daring front,
 And stand courageous, prove him lord of self.
 As manhood tramples fear beneath its feet,
 He hears each thunder peal of roaring death,
 Marks ev'ry movement of the vaunting foe,
 And as the human torrent pours along,
 Or backward reels, he knows each great result,
 Still fearing naught.

Yet see the tide of war,
 Is circling round his chosen hill of guard.
 He scorns retreat for any easier ground,
 For there, the *eclat* of war, his eagle soars,
 Or is for ever lost. Still shouts the foe,
 But as they come one look aloft he throws
 To inspire him with its glory, and then draws
 His sword to die or conquer; nor will yield
 An inch, though thousands onward rush
 In hate to cut him down. His die is cast
 To fight and perish, or to be the conqu'ror.
 He quenches thirst in honour's dazzling stream,
 And feeds on glory as his soul's best bread,
 Forgetting, thus sustained, all meaner wants,
 Though from the dawn to eve the battle rage.
 Long has he counted cost at honour's post,
 And mailed his soul with brass and iron; strong
 In nerve, seasoned in fire of many battles,
 Then cooled and sharpened at the bivouac
 As tempered steel.

And when the foes of Christ
 Do press, as mighty Amazona's flood,
 To meet the tidal wave of God's sure truth,
 Shall the terrific roar affright his saints,
 While soars aloft that oriflame of war,
 The Cross, in sunshine of *true* glory's cause?
 When Christ presents the standard, shall a saint
 Give up one thought of truth, or lose his grasp
 Of one bright principle? Nay, rather draw
 That sword, his mighty Word, and fighting die,
 As he did on that Mount to which a 'world
 Did rush in hate on Him, the sinner's friend,
 Yet sin's stern foe. There had he nail'd his flag,

And Calv'ry saw the hero die in flames
 Overwhelming him, making the heavens black
 With terror, and the earth to quake with fear,
 Showing his unchanged love of truth and God.
 He died for sin to prove God hated it,
 And by His blood to save His soldiers' lives.

Then give not up an inch of holy ground.
 Mark *now* where He the mighty Captain stands,
 As Stephen did; choose well thy field of fight,
 'Tis heav'nly—death there can never come.
 All now is glory brightened by the cost,
 Itself a privilege of love, to gain
 A name for pure emprise in light of heav'n;
 A jealous hope of honour's dazzling star,
 And immortality of peace and bliss;
 Then dwell with the Eternal as a son
 Who fought, and in Him conquered death and hell
 Truth! truth! thy records, wrote by heraldry
 Above, we know—the Star, the Crown, the Throne.

MY LORD AND MY GOD.

JOHN XX. 26.

A TRUTH, AN ARGUMENT, AND A PSALM.

O holy Master! is it true,
 That though I marked a lowly mien,
 Which from the Incarnation grew,
 And manhood's progress did attain,
 Tho' one who seemed of life a bud,
 I now discern my Lord and God?

O revelation most sublime,
 Seen in this resurrection joy,
 The power of life and death is thine,
 The grave's sharp sting thou wilt destroy,
 Most certain pledge thy name abroad
 Shall spread triumphant, King and God.

I see it now, I see it all,
 Thy Spirit sweetly lights my faith ;
 For ever I can on thee call,
 And for thee gladly spend each breath.
 O pardon me the path I trod,
 Jesus, Jehovah, King, and God !

Justly thy words my credence won,
 As we their full-toned power heard ;
 Thus Peter called thee God's dear Son,
 Of David's line and Israel's Lord.
 Our feet with peace and truth were shod,—
 'Tis sealed eterne, for thou art God.

We wept to see thee on the tree,
 All bleeding, agonized, and torn ;
 While venom'd Gentiles did agree,
 To blend with Judah's recreant scorn.
 The Father, too, wrote Ichabod,
 How could I know thee Lord and God.

Yet all the Prophet's words of might
 To us were eloquent of love ;
 Far, far beyond angelic light,
 Sweet as the song of turtle doves.
 I thought thee first on this earth sod :
 Thou didst create it, and art God.

In words direct thou once didst say,
 The Father and myself are one ;
 Yet all thy light on me each day
 Had not reveal'd thee " His own Son :"
 Yea, one invisible—the Word,
 The Increate-made man, the Lord.

Canst thou sin's mystic power tell,
 How it can be to mind a tomb ?
 I faintly own'd each truth which fell,
 As pure, yet never saw the boon
 Which, flowing from atonement made,
 If not divine would God degrade.

Yet thus my pardon is made sure,
 The same in form I know the heart
 Thy pierced side my folly cures,
 Thy coming proves we ne'er shall part.
 True love is thy correcting rod
 For me, most gracious, loving God.

Now lifted far above the world,
 In wisdom and intrinsic grace,
 Darkness and sin afar are hurled,
 Through my dear Shepherd's radiant face.
 O make thy wisdom o'er life's field,
 In me a light divinely sealed.

And if at last I'm gathered there,
 Where my forefathers drew their feet
 (The silent tomb), my final prayer
 And certain hope shall be to meet
 Immanuel—the glorified !
 Praised as Jehovah far and wide.

Thou art the way, the truth, and life,
 Essential deity is plain;
 Thy claims with reason have no strife,
 A perfect teacher without stain.
 Thy moral truth with this agrees,
 The Christ lived through eternity.*
 And it is joy to see thine eye
 Its holy satisfaction own;
 Whilst I proclaim this mystery,
 Which, if not true, thou wouldest disown.
 For while as teacher thou hast stood,
 We call and worship thee as God.
 And only blessed can he be,
 As Jesus then and often taught,
 Who by the Holy Ghost can see
 The one by whom we are blood bought;
 Owned in the highest King of Kings,
 The God whose praise Archangels sing,

LINES

ON HEARING FROM A FRIEND OF THE INAUGURATION OF A PROPHETICAL SOCIETY IN LONDON.

“The Spirit searcheth all things.”—1 Cor. ii. 10.

“Thou hast given a banner to them that feared thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.”—Ps. lx. 4.

A VOICE! a voice! on wings of awful light
 Speaks warningly. O watchman on the tower
 Of holy hope, what is the pregnant thought
 Stirring to emprise in the lists for truth,

* John xvii. 5; Heb. i. 8; John x. 30; 1 John i. 2. Jesus accepted divine honours; to see it given, and not refuse it, as the angels of the Apocalypse did, would be immoral. His morality, therefore, and divinity, stand together.

Marking the lapse of time? What gone? and what
 Remains to be fulfilled of the prophetic clock?
 Is the hand near the awful midnight hour?

* * * * *

Where are the mighty wrestlers with the Lord?
 Where the pure pilgrims valuing all His word?
 Where are the master minds of Jesu's scroll,
 Able to grasp and 'lucidate the whole?
 Who shall associate mystery to unveil,
 Assured o'er distant aspects to prevail?
 What eagle spirits search the womb of day,
 Ere passes off the starlight of delay?
 Skim life's Atlantic on Faith's mighty wing,
 The voice of trial's southern cross to sing;
 There wrote on ripe affections of the heart,
 Throwing unearthly glory o'er the chart;
 Nor paralysed, when freely called to gaze
 On persecutions gleaming through the haze.
 For prone have weakling spirits ever been
 To shun each feature of the gloom and gleam.
 Can eyes baptized in beauty pass the tomb,
 Waving the torch which lightens future zones?
 Owning a volume, through the soul infused,
 Instead, as oft, a few bound leaves abused?

Tell me, ye martyrs, kings in truth, once slain;
 Tell me, God's labourers, who all dross disdain—
 Who love the Word because it is the truth,
 And search for ever till is found the Proof;
 Tell me, fair women, who at Jesus' feet
 Love for His mercy—sing His praises sweet;
 Ye beautiful, whose souls he moulds more fair
 Than Grecian fancy could in stone declare;
 Whose beau ideal, though a master thought,

Was failure to Love's smile, by Jesus wrought;
 Tell me, young innocents, whom blood hath cleansed,
 Whose eyes have now more power than angel's lens;
 Where shall we find the precious foreknown balm
 Breathing 'midst storms a kiss of heav'nly calm?
 Hoisting the pennants of a queenly shore,
 Hushing the struggling soul to seek its store.
 Where streams of Zion glory pale the sun,
 Seeming to whisper, Lag not, till 'tis won!
 Making the surgings of life's shattered bark
 Only the pastime of a loyal heart?
 Kneel, kneel, ye teachers, wing each thought with prayer,
 In God the Spirit impotence to dare.

Dash from thee prejudice, and hold to scorn
 The fleshly feints that truth in parts hath torn.
 If portents darken, slay each clinging fear,
 Rejoice to hope Messiah's day is near.
 Let not the picture of our Bable fairs
 Blast thy attention by their sensual glare.
 Let not e'en sect or passion thee enthral,
 Whoever great or good thy praise may call.
 Let no sin fever veil with thin disguise
 The ruin of the world's most glorious prize,
 And all its passions rotten at the core,
 The filthy vesture of the "Scarlet Whore."
 Be well prepared at ridicule to smile,
 Though it come seasoned with a courtly style;
 For hold it true, and in thy faith delight.
 The blood of our High Priest has turned the blight,
 And only waits to prove the wicked's doom,
 Ere he with glory fills this earth's far room;
 Own him not only king by heavenly birth,
 But born below to prove a royal worth.

And having honour'd offices made mean,
 One day to prove earth's empire is no dream.
 Coming to stamp by wisdom, as by blood,
 The Eden covenant, " All made is good,"
 Which had not been if life, soul, office, all,
 Had been dependent on a certain fall.
 No, as the dying words of David own,
 No king could honour God but Christ alone ;
 Then, its translation in his Godhead's claim ;
 Earth, too, shall win, when finished is his reign.
 The world once gave our Lord a crown of thorns,
 But God will care His Son shall not be shorn,
 Of those true rights which by the Law entail
 On David's race, though hell and man may rail ;
 And saints half blinded, cannot see his claim
 To prove creation's crown in God no stain.
 He who makes worlds will ever plan a whole,
 And its first office, empire, is one goal.
 Thus all the splendid attributes of man
 Shall be exalted over what began.
 The generations of the world, more wise,
 Perceive this honour, and would seize the prize.
 They look for Antichrist, we for the Lord,
 The true Messiah, pledged in God the Word,
 And thus regeneration shall efface
 A ruin'd Paradise and man's disgrace.

Believe, then, beauties of the Prophet's page
 Are more sublime than aught can saints engage.
 Give thy whole thoughts to peaceful argument ;
 Read, mark, and learn—enlarge thy soul's small tent ;
 Remember Job and all his friends were forced
 To leave home paths and enter Thought's deep course ;

And if 'twas painful, still the profit found,
 Avowed a ruling God's each way is sound.
 Beware of crotchets of a fertile brain
 Thou canst not alter, but thy soul may stain.
 Daniel's plain page or Zechariah's lyre,
 Or other Prophet, ne'er can true love tire ;
 They'll tell thee more in one short afternoon,
 Than all the witlings underneath the moon.
 Hinder no progress of the Shepherd's fold,
 Build not of stubble in the place of gold.
 Dreams of the flesh a sweet green bank may seem,
 Yet prove a bog and merge thee in a dream,
 For nought more terrible to break than spells
 Of castles thine own fancy loves too well.
 Unravel all the twistings of old Rome,
 And like great Luther scorn to be a drone.
 Shun as authorities all not divine,
 But own God's certainty in ev'ry line.
 The Bible, the whole Bible, nought beside
 Be thy *reality*, not verbal pride.
 Keep to true grammar as the law of truth,
 For language, e'en with God, must have its proof.
 Oft have the college classics miss'd the way,
 As though all common sense they would gainsay ;
 Reading the Word on rules a boy at school
 Might sagely laugh to hear such breach of rule.
 Start not at aught God's finger there indites,
 'Tis thy soul's blindness hinders easy sight.
 Be never predisposed ; then search for light
 To prove thy wit ; no native thought is right.
 Nor stoop to be another pupil's fag ;
 Better range great Plinlimmon with a drag.
 Remember that antagonism, "self,"
 Hates ev'ry path which lays it on the shelf.

If one pure holy picture come on view,
 Imaginings of glory to renew,
 The flesh will frown as Endor's witch of old,
 Startled and vexed to find a fact too bold.
 'Tis certain ev'ry truth will sign the Cross,
 And it were strange if self could love the loss.
 Nought but a well-trained heart and cherub smile
 Can guard thee from the sin that soon beguiles.
 If all this lesson, as a morning breeze,
 Wafts thee true health to work for high degrees,
 Thy soul, so solemnized aright to think,
 That ne'er to fantasy thy prospects sink,
 Taught thee, as prairie bloom of new-found lands,
 To cheer and hasten to Messiah's hands.
 With all the many, many counsels more,
 God promises to bless as pregnant store ;
 Where every truth must elevate the saint,
 Helping to keep from one desponding plaint ;
 Must purify the heart, and brightly wing
 Thine aspirations round his throne to sing.
 Each blessed thought of covenant and grace,
 Enlightens thee thy Father's hand to trace,
 'Mid all the strange uncertainties below,
 Which He, for mercy, overruled to flow.
 See aught of God, and in that God thy soul
 Will the more gladly seek its final goal.
 See of His wisdom but one atom more,
 And thou hast stored a gem of heav'nly lore.

To win the surest, strongest aid to help,
 And in the "Glory's" power thy soul to melt,
 Sweeter than all the fervency of love,
 Philanthropy (so called 'mongst men,) can prove.

Quench not the Spirit. Truth has greatest force :
 Give each son licence to be on the course.
 'Tis here the Church so much will doze and sleep,
 Enough to make our royal master weep.
 They take the life, but in a feeble mind
 Are chafed when urged their brows as saints to bind,*
 With all the mighty intellect of God,
 Christ taught to lift us far above the clod.
 Converts are what the Holy One desires ;
 Silence may stifle, not improve the fires.
 Profound inspection with dependent prayer,
 Our kind Friend answers ; secret thoughts he shares.
 Great the reward, both here and after time,
 To him who wins the record of one line.
 The Church th' inaugurate society,
Seeking in holy counsel to agree,
 That their one voice may to the world around
 Bring forth the witness of a perfect sound.
 Dependent on the Spirit for all light ;
 Owning His aid alone can trim it right,
 Who came to be the teacher of the whole,
 Until their living harmonies around us roll.

ASCENSION HYMN.

He's gone ! Sweet Shepherd of the fold,
 Where shall Thy lambs now rest ?
 The azure clouds of floating gold
 Tell here thou now art blest.

* Deut. vi. 8 ; Exod. xxviii. 36.

Yes, gone! and unimagined light
 That holy brow surrounds;
 Yet are there thoughts within of might,
 For greater light around.

All heav'n's glories infinite
 His love can never turn,
 From interwoven fellowship
 With human hopes which burn,

Unsated in their thirst for good
 To those His own below;
 For He as their own Prince hath stood,
 And will His throne bestow.

Angels?—No, never touch they chords
 Of such sustaining strength,
 As one rich truth from our own Lord
 In all life's pilgrim length.

Spirit of fire—thou Holy One—
 Flame of ethereal light,
 Approve us as His Father's sons
 In resurrection might.

"Twas sweet and beautiful that scene
 Of His ascending hour;
 But, O! what glory here will beam
 When Christ comes back in power.

HYMN OF BLESSING.

O God of mercy, God of power,
 Thou holy, holy source of light ;
 Give thy full blessing to this hour,
 Dispel each ruined sinner's might.

Soften the heart, illume the mind,
 Breathe, breathe, thou holy source of life ;
 Let each poor wanderer now find
 A rest in Christ from sin and strife.

Wake ev'ry heart to think and feel,
 'Grave ev'ry thought and feeling deep ;
 And all those depths in mercy seal
 With faith, a Saviour's love to greet.

Then each full bosom oft will swell
 With joy, to own His precious blood ;
 And we his saints will join to tell
 Of Him who by His servant stood.

Yea, we shall more exalt His horn,
 And those converted join to tell
 How, by thy grace, they were new-born,
 While angels shall the chorus swell.

But in one heart of depths unknown,
 Will thrill a deeper, holier joy ;
 It is thine own, thine own alone,
 Where mercy dwells without alloy.

THE ENTHRONED.

REV. III. 21.

As to the dwellers on a table land,
 Some pigmy hill appears a lordly height,
 Their children climbing it to view the world,
 And travellers' accounts of mountain steeps,
 Such as the Andes or the Himalay's,
 Appear too big and towering far above
 The cloudy heav'ns for their imagined world ;
 So some great thoughts soar in sublimity,
 Illimitably grand above the mind,
 And, though the credence tablet is God's Word,
 It seems, (though stated as a simple fact
 To nerve the soul for pure heroic deeds,)
 A hyperbole or dramatic dream
 Of the strange *tableau vivant* for the skies ;
 A vision to be moderated much ;
 Sketched in symbolicals, and gently merged
 To th' mere spiritual,—then unbelief
 Drops on her stool to manage well the doubt,
 Instead of setting high on Faith's grand seat,
 The glorious claim of which is—"All in God."

Speak, said the teacher. Be thy faith a grain,
 Thy prayer is fact. I ne'er disown pure trust ;
 Though it demands to move Mount Tabor's base.
 But still man hears, and looks, and doubts as aye.
 So miracles are scarce, instead of grouped
 As orange fruit, ripe at each passing month.
 That voice is lost in echo which should wake
 Glorious revivals in all ancient gifts,
 A Master tide of wonders through all time,

(No longer wonderful because so plain),
 The royal purpose of the Nazarene,
 That great supernal teacher of the good,
 Who showed the angels truth more deep than law,
 When he redeemed a world on Calvary.

'Tis thus with promises inscribed by light
 Of every glorious gem in heavenly mines
 On the blue vaults, when Zion, which is free,
 Was once illumined for prophetic show,
 Above the barren rock, (O, fruitful Isle !)
 Where John was overwhelmed with awful fear,
 And yet sustained to see all ages roll,
 Black, bloody, awful, o'er the path of faith.
 As changing symbols volumed earth's last times,
 That fearful thought to thoughtless multitudes
 Who worship God without the faith that saves.

Hark! what that final promise sent
 To bless each lamb among the folds of God ;
 What said the mighty Spirit to the Church ?
 What wonder are we called on to believe ?
 To sit upon his throne !—What His ! and still
 Believe him the Eternal, God with God !
 His rule we can conceive, for he is one
 With his and our Almighty Father :
 But shall we, though clothed in radiant white,
 Beyond the brightest seraph of that age
 Which passed an unknown time ere man appeared,
 Shall we presume to sit in state upon
 The dazzling throne of the eternal Word,
 As the "Belov'd" sits on the Father's seat,
 To govern providence till time shall end !
 See then this principle exemplified.

Past ages tell some very marv'lous things,
 Compared with all the meanness of our day,
 When how to level, not to raise, is all
 The policy of iron mixed with clods.

On Persia's ancient throne sat Abbas Shah
 Some centuries since; a potentate most stern;
 Famed among men for chivalry and wealth.
 Untamed, yet as the lion often proves,
 Presenting something of the true sublime,
 From native majesty, as formed to rule,
 The admiration and the fear of man.
 This royal friend a kindred spirit own'd,
 And one he so can claim lifts up on high,
 To give him presidence above all lords
 And feudal potentates, his liege,—yea, frowns,
 To still all murmur'ers, when upon his throne
 He seats his travell'd friend, who of his fame
 Had heard afar, and suffered drought and wrong,
 Fatigue, long watching, in a pilgrimage
 Of many dangers from strange climes and men,
 To visit one whose character he loved.
 There off'ring his true sword and heart, his all,
 In a magnific view of royal claim.
 The homage not of country, law, or price,
 But generous bend to grandeur in the soul.

Shirley, with a bright retinue, had left
 His home for this, at word of some stray Thane,
 Or merchant prince in Venice, by the sea.
 Then arrived at Casbeene* was welcomed;
 The royal feast, the lordly hall, the purse,

* The city of Casbeene is stated to have been about ten days' journey from Ispahan, famous and of great antiquity.

Horse, armour, every princely gift were sent
 By Persia's Shah. And now the festal scene
 Was left to win repose, as time arranged,
 When suddenly the Shah recalls his guest
 For an astounding honour, never known
 Before or since in all historic lands.
 His father's throne he had ;—and now, at night,
 He calls his friend to sit in that high place.
 Ten thousand lamps are ranged by rich display
 In the vast public mart of Casbeene ;
 Around are lords decked in most sumptuous vests,
 Streaming with glory as in fabled theme ;
 The floor with silks and carpets of Cashmere
 Is laid ; gold, silver, pearls, profuse abound ;
 And there Sir Anthony is led by Abbas Shah
 To a white throne of purest silver,
 Under a pillar'd canopy of state.
 The palest gems were worth a common crown,
 And six large diamonds flush with lustrous sheen,
 Bright as the Pleiades, on that white seat.
 " Sit there, my friend," the royal conqueror said,
 " And learn the love a kindred spirit has
 For one in whom he finds the kindred heart.
 Thou'st proved a friend, and that is far above
 A brother or aught natural by birth."
 (It is the spirit makes the unity)
 Nor would he hear a nay, though modesty
 Would lay a check on such profound delight.
 Shah Abbas swears a mighty oath to slay
 A single Persian who should dare complain.
 Then down the traveller sat as Persia's king.
 The Shah then kissed him. On a stool below
 He sat, and as a servitor partook
 Of that right royal feast that midnight hour ;

Thus served by those who watched to wait and please
 The man great Persia's Shah delighted in.
 Is it not well we have, through God's great rule
 Over all princely hearts, this aid to truth,
 Wrought out from Eastern customs, as was oft
 Owned in their value by the Lord of light ?
 Can earthly kings so condescend to show
 Their love and grace to one of meaner birth,
 But who hath found the spirit of command
 Over all meaner passions of the race ?
 And shall not Jesus, who in power doth give
 The kindred love of holiness and truth
 (The only magnanimity that's pure),
 And grandeur of sublime supremacy ;
 Above temptation by the force of light ;
 King'd in th' heart, o'er all contemptible ?
 Honours true royalty of common joy,
 Which, if so trusted with the rule of God,
 Would wield the sceptre of infinity
 Without disgrace or pride—a ransomed friend,
 And glorified in unity with God,
 As a true Son, and King in Purity.

Reader, knowest thou this pledge ?

This interesting event, so illustrative of the promise referred to in our text, is to be found in an ancient record, entitled, "A True Discourse of Sir Anthony Sherley's Travels into Persia: What Accidents did happen by the Waye, both goeinge thither and returninge backe, with the businesse he was employed in, from the Sophie. By George Manwaring, Gent., who attended on Sir Anthony all the journeye."—MS. from *Retrospective Review*.

BARZILLAI.

AN EXPOSITION.—2 SAM. XIX.

ALONG the northern ridge of Gilead's hill
 Fall the deep shadows of the prickly oak ;
 Arbutus berries cover half the ground,
 The lofty fir shelters the covering doves,
 And pheasants shoot as stars from branch to branch.
 Amidst the shrubby Valonidis hides
 The covey'd partridge waiting sleepily,
 Till passes off the burning noon of day,
 Now crisping ev'ry leaf—while grasshoppers
 Appear the more the heat the more to sing.
 Far down the slope, a small and wearied host
 Sit watching Jabbok's stream despondingly,
 As on its waters flow, as waters will,
 Careless of all the interest in scenes
 So oft connected with their ancient names.
 From Mahanaim,* hard by, pour forth the stores
 Barzillai and his neighbour princes give,
 In hospitable loyalty or fear,
 As each yield honour to a harrass'd king
 Who ever yet has triumph'd over foes.
 Two princely men, arrayed in royal robes,
 Armed and most stern, sit silently apart,
 Respectful list'ners to this aged sage,
 The country's patriarch—one of those true men
 Who, living in a patrimonial way,
 Might die unknown to distant times and spheres,
 Though crowned with gen'rous feeling and fair truth,

* Mahanaim is on the brook Jabbok. Mahanaim means two armies or tents.

But that the Lord, who knows their secret worth,
 By force of circumstances brings them forth
 Into the very light of honour's rays,
 Best suited to develop all their claims ;
 Thus making evils oft o'errule for good.
 He, with respectful grace but serious air,
 Yet claiming kind familiar right of age,
 Seeks as a father (who can sympathize,
 And knows the voice of long experience tells,
 How vain our sweetest hopes in earthly joys !)
 To pour sweet consolation in an absent ear ;
 For there beside him sits the mourning king,
 Who still is more with Absalom than him.

That countenance, so sunny once in youth,
 Is now a type of melancholy, dress'd
 In all the royal beauty of a man,
 Who for his graces she has chosen out ;
 For David could not lose the royal port,
 So native was it to his princely heart.

Heavy, indeed, are tears from honour'd men,
 And seldom will a king allow their flow,
 Although the heart be breaking in its grief.
 Shobi and Machir pass impatient looks,
 The Ammonite not sorry at his heart,
 Although past recollections of his foe
 Make policy present the common aid
 To the chafed lion, now so near his home.
 And as he smiles aside at Machir's look,
 They settle certainly to leave ere morn,
 Then wait to see who gains the coming fight.

Refreshment now has passed from hand to hand,
 And all the village maids return with smiles,

As they will ever among warrior men ;
 But David's gloom abides all love can do,
 Or council give in hope of victory.
 Good Barzillai still supports his arm,
 But says but little to so real a grief,
 Well knowing God alone can heal such sores,
 And something crossed his mind of judgment dire
 And discipline for loving Gentile Queens.
 To David, too, a darker thought might come ;
 And when he sees how few are faithful now,
 Remembrance tells how little he deserved
 To find it so with Rabbah's wall at hand ;*
 Where one firm-hearted loyal heart
 And hand, which had been strong in his true cause,
 Now slept in death, through passion's selfish rule,
 Who trusted to his king and found a grave.

Meanwhile proud Joab waits as hot as aye
 To meet the tide of war, come as it will.
 Careless is he of all that's soft of heart,
 And looks with scorn upon his Sov'reign's tears ;
 But far too politic to trust to boys,
 As he disdainfully thinks Absalom.
 Yet David he could love, as captains love,
 According to his prowess in the war,
 And kingly headship at each feat of arms,
 Courage was all the virtue he admired,
 Because the only likeness he possess'd,
 And he is lord with him who most loves war.

The scene is changed—the Jordan murmurs near
 With voice of music full of antique lore,
 Ever melodious to the soul inspired,

* 2 Sam. xi. 1—15.

And David feels it as a song from heav'n.
 That river's greatness far excels all streams,
 But not for volumed waters—honour hangs
 Around it as Jehovah's battle scene,
 The river of "God's judgment,"* even then;
 Yet all its richest fame was yet to come.
 The plane tree and wild olive there abound,
 For glory and rich grace grow freely there,
 And the sweet almond scents the fragrant scene,
 Type of fair hope to those who cross its wave.
 The frightened antelopes glance into view,
 As timid beauty with the full clear eye,
 Which ever sees the awful in untruth.
 The lion couchant midst its lofty reeds,
 Roars a refrain respondent to the trump,
 Which tells how little man or beast have peace.

The sun is fast descending o'er the hills,
 And all the floating glories of the eve
 Try to awaken hope in after time,
 To soothe the sorrows of a humbled king.
 Near to the river's brink a warlike host,
 Who think all victory when fame is gained,
 Await the trumpet's sound to keep their march,
 And ford the waters.

The awful fight is past,
 And Absalom lies low within the pit,

* Jordan, the river of judgment (See *Dictionary of Scripture Geography*).

Peniel (seeing God, or the face of God) was near the ford of the Jabbok (Ibid.). David's princedom was, therefore, here shaken by his sin, and, after correction, confirmed according to the promise.

Securely dead by Joab's wrathful hand,
 Pierced with three darts, so wanton was his hate.
 David has found the good of olden paths,
 And driven where his father Israel strained
 His faith to wrestle with the King of Hosts,*
 Recovers what at first was given there ;
 And now restored, returns a prince with God—
 Redemption comes in spite of failure's way.
 (In Absalom he sees the withered thigh)
 Thus ever Satan's envy can but drive
 The saint to be more settled in the crown.

The trumpets sound—the banners wave on high
 In the light breeze of ev'ning fresh'ning ;
 Light horsemen plumed already are across ;
 The rest await in ranks upon the king,
 While he holds conf'rence with his northern lords.
 Barzillai is there—that constant friend,
 Whom wealth could neither spoil or more seduce ;
 He, though too old to fight, could watch and pray,
 (And while his gallant son fledged his young sword)
 Still joined the aspirations of his king.
 No hospitable show was his alone,
 But all was risked at holy honour's call,
 And patience waited long on sorrow's balm,
 Then homeward were his looks to die in peace.

But David pleads :—

O leave me not, my loyal friend,
 In thee I've found what princes need,
 A sage who sympathy can blend,
 With all the will for me to bleed.

* Gen. xxxiii. 25—28.

In thee, I learn how close may hide,
 The gem we would most near abide:
 A prince with me, Jerusalem
 Shall see thee ever honoured by my side.

 A helper in my state I seek,
 Who loves preferment most from God,
 A champion in the truth, yet meek
 To bear affliction's heavy rod.
 I would not have thee go away,
 But live with me, if but to pray.
 My kiss and blessing though I give,
 Oh, rather far, I'd give it ev'ry day.

 I often thought, when I have seen
 The ways of human courts and lords,
 Whether there ever could have been
 A subject faithful to his word.
 But thou hast taught me to believe,
 Disinterested men may live.
 Return not, Barzillai, but come
 With me, for o'er thy purpose I much grieve.

 I've lost my son, my Absalom,
 And thou canst feel my awful fear
 For his fled soul. The victory's won!
 But victories such as these are dear.
 Let David satisfy his soul,
 As o'er thee time's last waters roll,
 To shed around thee Salem's peace,
 Until our God shall call to higher goal.

Thus answers Barzillai:—

Farewell, my royal lord, I'll watch thy way;
 Farewell, my king, my prayer shall rise each day :
 Nor aught the less shall our great God attend,
 Because afar our supplications blend,
 But let an old man plead where, as before,
 His habit has been to win heav'n's store.
 I am not fitted for thy princely halls ;
 I should not fellow with thy court-like calls ;
 The singing birds around thee oft would frown,
 And it might gall me for them to look down
 On all my simple habits and discourse ;
 Nor could I brook each politic resource,
 By which the friendship of a court is won.
 Farewell, then, David—let me think thee son,
 For thou hast sat my gentle guest at home ;
 My halls are thine, thine my sires' old hearthstone.
 Pardon the failures thou hast found in me,
 And if distress'd again, know where to flee.
 When thou ascend'st to the Mighty's fane,
 Forget not to ask blessing to my name,
 For service suited from the strength of youth,
 I know my country's claims from honour's roof.
 Take Chimham, love him, and believe the son
 Will never grieve the friend his sire has won.
 O think no gloomy thoughts of Israel's love,
 Remember perfect things are all above.
 All have their faults, but God withholds no store,
 And gifts of grace he moulds in our heart's core.
 Do thou the new-born Spirit only see,
 Then from misanthropy thou wilt be free.
 Beware of idols ; value by the truth ;
 A single eye will thus assure the proof.

But yet, my king, I'll cross o'er Jordan's brink,
 Lest, in thy loveliness, thy spirits sink ;
 For soon each morbid thought returns in power,
 To spoil the blessing of the sweetest hour.
 And now again, farewell,—we meet above.
 As all shall do who own the Saviour's love.

Thus parted a strange pair, uncommon here,
 A loyal and disinterested saint,
 True in distress, but careless of reward,
 And a great king who truly feared his God,
 Remembering service in prosperity,
 Rendered in his distress from subject hands.
 Seldom does such a meeting happen here,
 And thus the greatest pains approve the good.*

DAVID'S LAMENT.

☞ A WARNING TO THE UNMARRIED.

O ABSALOM ! how vain my tears,
 Swift flowing from a broken heart ;
 My soul is burning in its fear,
 Experience doles a bitter part.

O fruit of an unworthy love,
 Thy mother's Gentile beauty shone,
 And I, entranced, looked not above ;
 God's certain rules were weary grown.

* This little sketch is written in hope to interest readers in tracing God's hand, who teaches through coincidences of places and judgments for past sin, or present reward and encouragement.

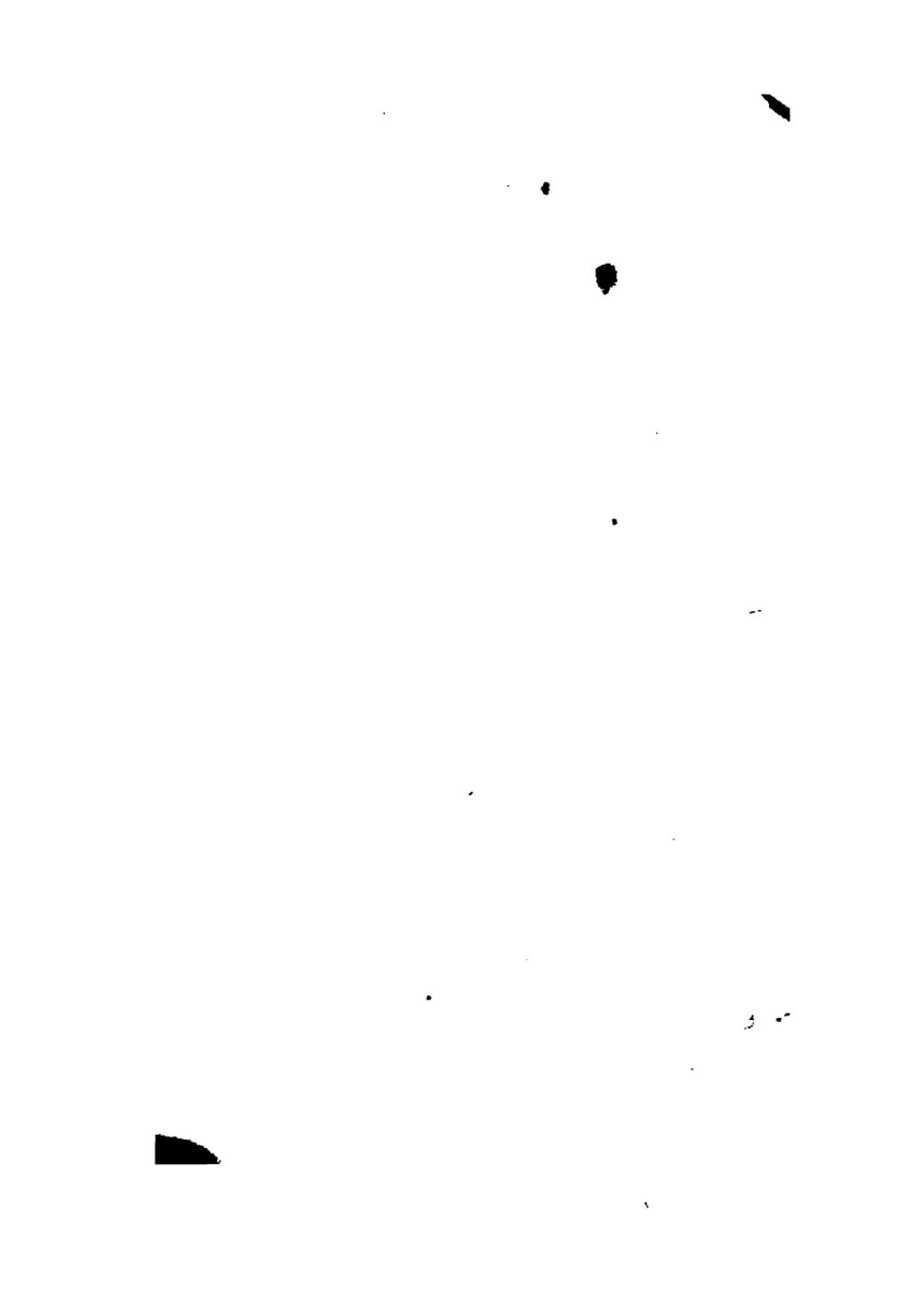
The beauty of her gold-wrought veil,
 Shaded a face too full of light,
 But with it precepts came entail'd,
 Which prejudiced thy soul's young sight.

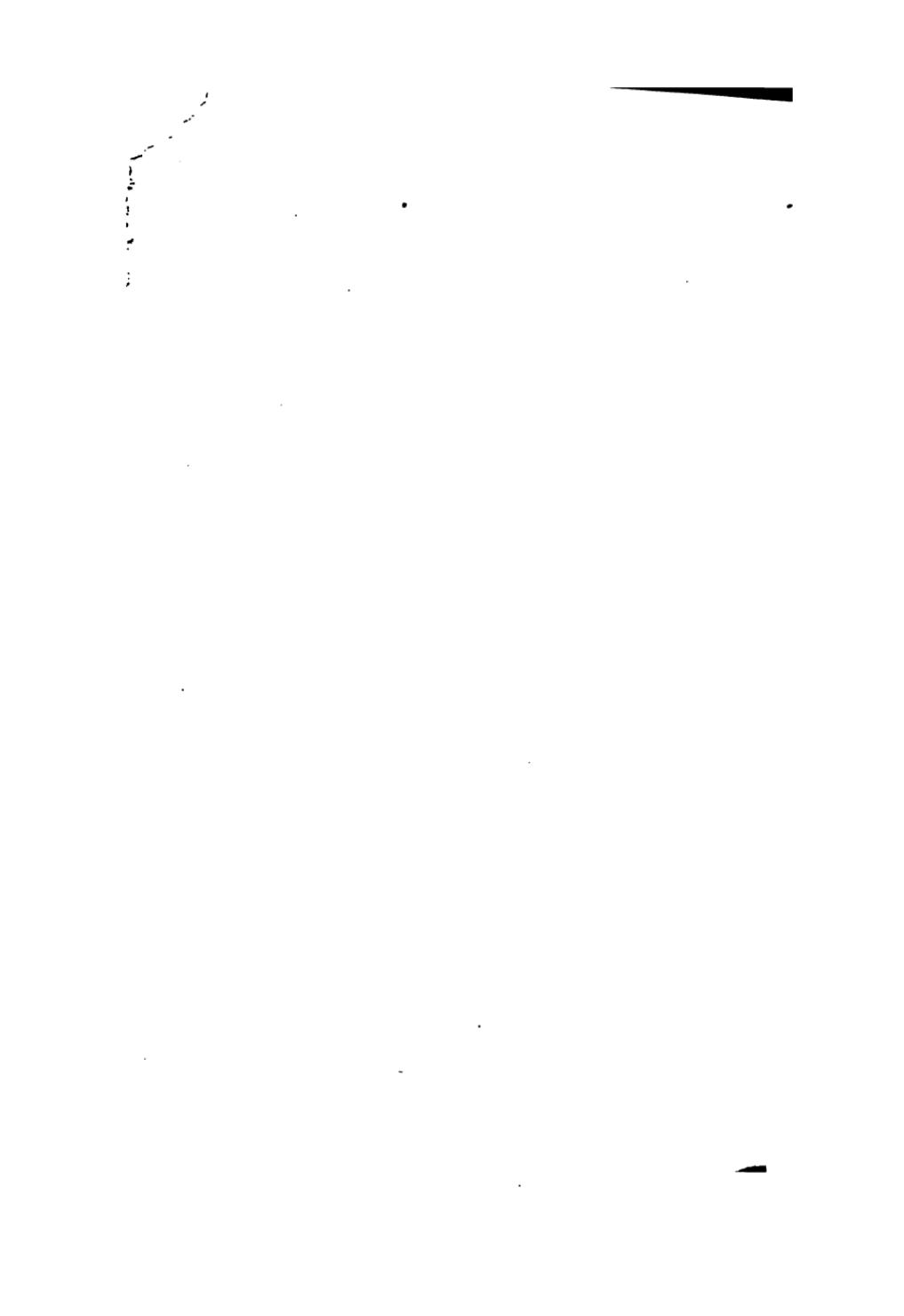
'Tis just, sin brings its sure receipt,
 'Whelming my soul in sorrows dire ;
 Thy soul is lost—well may I weep,
 And ne'er for thee retune my lyre.

Life ! it were nothing, could I deem
 Thy spirit could be saved from doom ;
 With all I have I'd thee redeem,
 And think such loss, for hope, a boon.

EXPERIENCE.

THUS do we stay our musings—but not end ;
 We wait upon the voice Experience speaks,
 Who, in the Saviour, ne'er for sorrow seeks,
 But ever must the purest blessings blend.
 Experience is a lady come to tend,
 With feet truth-shod, within the poor soul's door ;
 And speak with low sweet voice of something more
 Than bitters through life, springing without end.
 She deals with all as children not yet dressed.
 Though using cold spring water, quick she folds
 Each chilled affection in clothes bright as gold,
 And warmed by love fires—all for health most blest.
 Experience has an eye of wondrous sheen ;
 Her march is majesty, o'er time a Queen.







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